

WHY VAN JONES WENT DOWN

THE Nation



TRACING THE HISTORY
OF MOVEMENT CONSERVATISM
KIM PHILLIPS-FEIN

SEPTEMBER 28, 2009
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Exchange

Science Writing: Long May It Wave!

BOSTON

Chris Mooney and Sheril Kirshenbaum, in "Unpopular Science" [Aug. 17/24], point to the *Boston Globe* as a news organization that sharply reduced its commitment to coverage of science and medicine this year. We have done nothing of the sort.

The writers claim that the *Globe* "reduced staff significantly on its science desk" after it eliminated a separate Health/Science section early this year and placed coverage in other sections. There was no significant staff reduction. One part-time position dedicated to both science and medicine was eliminated. Our Health/Science desk still has five reporters: three covering various aspects of medicine and health, one covering the environment and one covering science. Our Business section also has a biotechnology reporter. By any measure, this shows substantial commitment to serving a community that is, as the article properly noted, "a center of science that leads the biotech industry."

The authors assert that our decision on staffing and section placement "wasn't about the relevance of science to readership; it was about underlying economics." Not true. While economics has a bearing on our newsroom resources, of course, we have always taken this area of coverage very seriously. That is why space and staff dedicated to science, medicine and health coverage remain roughly the same after elimination of a separate Health/Science section. That is also why we thoroughly researched our readers' reactions to possible changes, and have had precious few complaints. A final disappointment: neither author spoke to anyone at the *Globe* to check facts. We're only a phone call away.

MARTIN BARON, *editor*
The Boston Globe

SAN FRANCISCO

Chris Mooney is one of the world's outstanding young science journalists, so it's reassuring to know that his kind is succeeding aging, ink-stained veterans like myself and my far more distinguished fellow *San Francisco Chronicle* alumnus, the

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great Sabin Russell. It's no big deal for the *Chron* to lose a character like me. But it's a crime for Hearst, the *Chron*'s greedy and inept corporate owner, to let journalists like Sabin go—journalists whose expertise could make a big difference in this ominous moment when pandemic is real, the drug companies have corrupted Congress and the fate of healthcare is uncertain.

On one point I must respectfully dissent from Mooney and Sheril Kirshenbaum's valuable article. They charge that science reporters have tended to cover the global warming story as a "he said, she said" controversy, "bowing to pressure from special interests and their pet scientists."

I was a science writer for almost three decades, and whenever I wrote about a "surprising" development in global warming—say, evidence that part of Antarctica might not be melting quite as fast as expected—I knew I'd hear from the screamers. It's ridiculous to blame science journalists for this nation's criminal sluggishness in coming to grips with global warming, just as it was ridiculous in the 1950s to blame teenage crime on comic books.

KEAY DAVIDSON

STERLING HEIGHTS, MICH.

For many years I subscribed to *Scientific American* and *Science*, attended meetings of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and was a member of a science book club. People like Carl Sagan were popularizing science, and it was a big part of the culture. But in the 1980s science writing began to be politicized; objectivity and critical thinking began to disappear. Who wants to read about AIDS and climate change, with ham-fisted rhetoric being bashed out by all sides? The science ends up shoddy, serving ends other than truth.

People want to be inspired by science, thrilled by discovery. When science writing becomes a mouthpiece, it subverts what matters most to readers: learning something new about nature and the universe, something that will enliven their curiosity and stir up that childhood sense of wonder. Aspiring

(continued on page 24)



Tackling the Titans

The great hope that swelled with Barack Obama's election is in danger of curdling into disappointment and anger. Too many outrages have accumulated without convincing

responses from the government. Too many grand prospects are shriveling into small-bore results. The president cannot fairly be blamed for the recent spate of vicious and paranoid right-wing attacks against him and his administration, but there are measures he can take to rally the public behind his presidency, to remind voters of the change they voted for last fall. He must respond with thunderbolts—a few bold strikes that blow away the naysayers and cheer his disappointed admirers.

Among the many opportunities for dramatic presidential action, we nominate the scandal of executive compensation—the spectacle of financial titans harvesting swollen personal fortunes from the great wreckage they themselves caused for the country. While attention is focused on healthcare reform, this other scandal is about to roll over the Obama presidency again—another round of bloated bonuses for top executives at the largest financial institutions, more outrageous than before. Have they no shame? Obviously not. The president should put aside friendly persuasion. By executive order, he can put a hard cap on their greed.

To understand the dimensions of what's happening, check out the new survey from the Institute for Policy Studies, *America's Bailout Barons*. It documents a correlation that most people already understand: the very institutions that collected the most in government assistance are converting their good fortune into personal rewards while the rest of the nation sinks deeper into the mire of unemployment, bankruptcy and loss of homes. Common sense tells citizens this is morally wrong. It is also bad for the economy.

Last year's banking collapse brought about the deflation of Wall Street, ending

a generation of metastasizing influence and profit for the leading banks and investment houses. Big banks failed or have merged with stronger survivors. Yet as the IPS study explains, the titans at the top have been raking in the bucks. The five highest-ranking executives at the twenty financial firms receiving the most public bailout dollars took home \$3.2 billion from 2006 through 2008 (an average of \$32 million per banker); their firms have laid off 160,000 people since January 2008.

Are you angry yet? This year, IPS warns, these mega-banks are on track to pump out even larger rewards to execs, even though some of these firms remain on government life support. Rewarding failure in this way guarantees that the greedheads will not abandon their reckless behavior.

President Obama can put a swift stop to these excesses—not in the name of vengeance but to create a better banking system. An executive order, for instance, could forbid any compensation at rescued institutions exceeding the \$400,000 earned by the US president. Violators could be banished from enjoying any of the continuing subsidies provided by the Treasury and Federal Reserve.

Is this legal? If the bankers don't think so, let them sue. Meanwhile, the president can demand immediate passage of legislation authorizing the cap. In February the Senate approved such a measure, sponsored by Claire McCaskill and Bernie Sanders, but it was dropped in conference. If Obama revived the legislation, people who are enraged that banks are making out like bandits while they lose jobs and homes would know the president is too. If Obama leads, they will rally to his side.

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AND, FROM LEFT, BARRY GOLDWATER, GEORGE WALLACE,
RONALD REAGAN, MILTON FRIEDMAN AND RUSH LIMBAUGH);
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The Ambush of Van Jones

Until Labor Day weekend, Van Jones wasn't exactly a household name. Readers of this magazine knew him for the piece he published in these pages almost a year ago laying out his vision for a "Green New Deal" and for his work as an activist, organizer, visionary and charismatic leader of the environmental justice movement. So it is bizarre and more than a little infuriating to watch Jones, a caring and eloquent champion of social justice, be run out of his job as a midlevel staffer in the president's Council on Environmental Quality by vile, clownish demagogue Glenn Beck.

Beck, of course, is the Fox News host who said that President Obama "has a deep-seated hatred for white people," a statement that earned him an effective advertiser boycott from the online civil rights group Color of Change.

Jones, as it happens, was a co-founder of Color of Change, so Beck's animus was likely born of vendetta. But Beck surely also saw an opportunity to make Van Jones the latest right-wing bogeyman—a living, breathing death panel. And in fact, Beck's crusade against Jones was abetted by some of the same people who fanned the town-hall healthcare hysteria this summer: the astroturf group Americans for Prosperity, whose director, Phil Kerpen, recently boasted that when he first went on TV on July 10 to redbait Jones, "I was glad to do it, because exposing the green jobs scam is critical to fight cap-and-trade, my top legislative priority for the year." Kerpen described his glee in finding confirmation, in Jones's past associations, of the crudely racist "hypothesis" formed by Beck and himself: that the cap-and-trade bill is a "watermelon," green on the outside but communist red to the core." Of course, the idea that Van Jones, in his current incarnation, was some kind of crypto-radical bent on subverting American capitalist democracy from the inside has as much relationship to the truth as the notion that Obama is hatching a plan for mandatory euthanasia of America's seniors. Jones's brand of green progressivism has been explicitly business-friendly, emphasizing public-private partnerships as key to confronting the climate crisis.

What finally felled Jones was a right-wing blogger turning up his name on a 911truth.org petition from 2004. Jones has repudiated his signature and said the petition's wording didn't then and doesn't now represent his views. In a more sane political environment, that would have been the end of it. It was stupid and wrong to sign the petition, but let's put this in perspective, shall we? By far the most deadly conspiracy theory of recent times was the insidious contention that Saddam Hussein gave material aid and support to the 9/11 hijackers. And yet Stephen Hayes, the main propagandist for this baseless and deadly view, is currently employed by CNN.

It's always hard to tell which transgressions of incompetence or ideology will get one ejected from the Washington establishment. But a general rule is that anything smacking of left-wing ideology is beyond the pale. That, of course, is why Jones was targeted. And, oh yeah, he's black—the kind of man who can be caricatured and placed on the screen next to the Rev. Jeremiah

This week at TheNation.com

News & Analysis

Tom Hayden: Q&A with Manuel Zelaya

Annette Bernhardt, Ruth Milkman & Nik Theodore: Americans working without laws

Tom Engelhardt: Afghanistan by the numbers

Slide Show: Farming revival in Mississippi

Blogs: John Nichols on Van Jones's exit

Poll: Why don't some parents want their children listening to Obama?

Wright while Glenn Beck mugs for his audience.

Beck's paranoid theories notwithstanding, Jones didn't have a ton of power or influence in the White House, and he can carry on with his activism on the outside. Still, the loss of his platform in the administration is significant, a "kick in the gut to the [environmental justice] movement," which has perfected outsider strategies and needed Jones on the inside, as Melissa Harris-Lacewell lamented on TheNation.com.

Jones joins a long line of would-be public servants, stretching from Lani Guinier and Joycelyn Elders all the way back to those hunted by Joe McCarthy, deprived of public office because right-wing demagogues have targeted them and distorted their views. And each time one of them goes down, the center of American political discourse is dragged to the right. That's why we're angry and saddened at the result of this fabricated controversy: somehow a man working to help Americans invest in an alternative energy future ends up branded an untouchable radical while a hysterical extremist's delusions are validated.

For Competitive Primaries

More power to Joe Sestak. No, that's not an endorsement of the Pennsylvania Congressman, who, against the wishes of the Obama White House and Democratic strategists in Washington and Harrisburg, is mounting a primary challenge to Republican-turned-Democrat Arlen

Specter. It's an endorsement of primaries.

Primaries can be divisive and expensive. But they also bring clarity and needed attention to policy debates and generate effective and electable fall candidates. Don't forget that the late Edward Kennedy was elected to the Senate only after winning an intense 1962 Democratic primary—or that Kennedy's likely successor will be chosen in what's shaping up to be a rip-roaring "special" Democratic primary this fall. Don't forget that Barbara Boxer made it to the Senate after beating California's lieutenant governor and a senior Congressman in a 1992 Democratic primary; that Russ Feingold was a surprise winner of a Wisconsin Democratic primary that same year; and that Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Claiborne Pell, Howard Metzenbaum, Paul Wellstone and even Barack Obama won competitive, at times bruising, primaries before becoming senators. Winners of hard-fought primary contests go into general-election campaigns with confidence, and if they have beaten the party establishment they are freed to run on their own merits—a status that helps attract independent votes, which are likely to be up for grabs in 2010.

So it's good that Sestak is holding Arlen Specter to account for his cooperation with the Bush/Cheney administration on judicial appointments and the Iraq War—and that he's pressing Specter for failing to take progressive positions on worker rights and trade policy. It is good that labor activist Jonathan Tasini and county legislator Jon Cooper are mounting intra-party challenges to New York Senator Kirsten Gillibrand, and that even more Democrats have talked of doing so in a process

Noted.

ZELAYA SPEAKS: Shortly after he met with Secretary of State **Hillary Clinton** on September 3, Honduran President **Manuel Zelaya** spoke with **Tom Hayden** about the Obama administration's announcement that it would cut off millions of dollars in economic aid to the coup government and refuse to acknowledge the legitimacy of elections under its auspices. In an interview on TheNation.com, Hayden writes:

Zelaya pronounced the US decision "a great step forward" for Honduran popular resistance to the coup and a "positive message in favor of democracy." "Mexico, Central and Latin America already had taken a position on the elections. We were only missing the United States. Now in light of these statements, the entire continent is condemning these elections under the de facto regime," Zelaya said.

Zelaya said he hopes Clinton understands

that "the same opponents of Obama in the US are mine in Honduras. The transnational trade, oil and banking systems. Those who do not want health insurance here are the same as those who do not want to pay a living wage in Honduras."

But right-wing groups have employed Democrat and ardent Clinton supporter **Lanny Davis** to lobby for their interests. When Davis's name was raised critically by Zelaya during the meeting, Clinton did not acknowledge that Davis was her longtime ally but instead took notes on Zelaya's claim of Davis's false charges and promised to investigate them. "She didn't tell me what she would investigate," he added with a good-natured chuckle.

For the State Department, the tone of the meeting marked a shift from previously frosty statements. After Obama's initial observation that an undemocratic coup had taken place, State Department spokesman **Philip Crowley** said there was no coup, in legal terms, and ridiculed Zelaya for his alliance

with Venezuela's **Hugo Chávez**. But Crowley was not present at the September 3 meeting, which included longtime Latin America diplomat **Tom Shannon**, National Security Council representative **Dan Restrepo**, US ambassador to Honduras **Hugo Llorens** and a different spokesman, **Ian Kelly**.

The tension may be winding down, but it is not over. Coup leader **Roberto Micheletti** is under enormous pressure to accept the recommendation of Costa Rican President **Oscar Arias** that he step down. But any return to Honduras by Zelaya could be volatile, with the right wing wanting his arrest or death. He cannot run for re-election under the present Constitution. There is no visible replacement candidate, and the constituent-assembly proposal is off the agenda for now. The future may lie with the social movements that have risen against the coup, with Zelaya serving as a transitional hero to the people of Honduras, who are trying to take an unpredictable future into their own hands.

that has forced this former Blue Dog to adopt a more progressive stance.

It is good that the field of candidates to replace Illinois Senator Roland Burris—who, like Gillibrand, was appointed rather than elected—is attracting people like Chicago's former Inspector General David Hoffman, a clean-government champion; Chicago Urban League president Cheryle Jackson; and President Obama's basketball buddy State Treasurer Alexi Giannoulas. It is good that Los Angeles progressive activist Marcy Winograd is challenging Representative Jane Harman, the California Democrat whose coziness with the intelligence establishment has put her at odds with civil libertarians and whose economic policies echo those of corporate-friendly New Democrats, and that Democratic House and Senate primaries are shaping up in states across the country.

And it is good, indeed, that Illinois legislator Julie Hamos (the only other elected official to appear with State Senator Barack Obama at that famous 2002 antiwar rally in Chicago) and 2008 Democratic nominee Dan Seals are among those competing for the Democratic nod to grab a Republican-held Congressional seat representing the Illinois district that gave Obama's presidential candidacy 61 percent of the vote.

It is unfortunate that President Obama, Vice President Biden and key players in the Democratic Congressional leadership continue to discourage contests—especially those that threaten vulnerable incumbents. The theory is that Democrats need to be unified for a fall fight against a Republican Party gunning for a 1994-style “revolution” that will put the brakes on the initiatives of a first-term Democratic president. After Specter switched parties, Obama, Biden and Pennsylvania Governor Ed Rendell jumped to endorse the former Republican, even as Specter refused to side with Democrats on issues like the Employee Free Choice Act.

Similarly, after New York Governor David Paterson's surprise selection of Gillibrand to replace Hillary Clinton, the White House worked with New York's senior senator, Chuck Schumer (the winner of a competitive Democratic Senate primary in 1998), to muscle prominent potential challengers out of the running. Bronx Representative José Serrano complained about “the White House getting involved in sort of the old Tam-

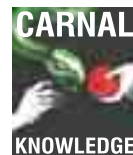
many Hall way” and griped that party leaders should “just leave us alone in New York to work it out.”

Serrano's right. No doubt, the concern about resurgent Republicans is legitimate; the Party of No is recruiting competitive candidates (including relative moderates like former Hewlett-Packard CEO Carly Fiorina, a likely challenger to California's Boxer) and beginning to raise money at a serious clip. But the fantasy that Democratic “unity” will preserve party majorities in Congress—especially if the party maintains a murky centrism on issues like healthcare reform, bank bailouts, unemployment and Afghanistan—goes against logic and history.

Democrats who want Obama to succeed should recognize that their party is usually at its best when it trusts grassroots activists and voters to make choices. Barely two years ago, much of the Democratic establishment settled on Hillary Clinton as the party's 2008 presidential nominee. But a freshman senator challenged the conventional wisdom. He bet he could build a movement capable of winning primaries and rewrite the rules of American politics. Candidate Obama placed his faith in primary voters to choose a candidate who was in tune with what November 2008 voters wanted and needed from a Democratic nominee. President Obama and his aides should re-embrace that wisdom and let Democratic voters in Pennsylvania, New York, California and other states pick candidates who are in tune with what November 2010 voters want and need from Democratic nominees for the House and Senate.

JOHN NICHOLS

Sexual Healing



In the beginning there was sex. And sex begat skill, and skill (or its absence) begat judgment, and judgment begat insecurity, and insecurity begat doctors' visits, which begat treatments, which have flourished into a multibillion-dollar industry, so that sex between men and women is today almost inconceivable without the shadow of disorder, dysfunction, the “little blue pill” or myriad other medical interventions designed to bring sex back to some longed-for beginning: a state of certified healthfulness, the illusion of normal.

Sex has been missing from the healthcare debate. A shame, because sexual health, and disputes over its meaning, reveals most nakedly the problem at the core of a medical system that requires profit, huge profit, hence sickness, or people who can come to believe they are sick or deformed or lacking and therefore in need of a pill, a procedure or device. Case in point: female sexual dysfunction (FSD), said to afflict great numbers of women—43 percent according to some, 70 percent according to others, an “epidemic” in the heterosexual bedroom according to Oprah. *Ka-ching!*

More on that in a moment, but first a bit about FSD's precursor, hysteria, and the rustic science of bringing women off.

In my room is a curious artifact of late-nineteenth-century medicine: a heavy wooden chair with a cast-iron lever extending up to each arm, within easy grasp of the sitter. Pull the levers, and

Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet

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powerful springs activate a mechanism below to rock or jolt the sitter (depending on the vigor of the thrust) in a manner intended to produce the healthful effects of horseback riding for ladies suffering from “pelvic congestion.”

This particular jolting chair was discovered by an antiques-dealer friend, Gilbert Ruff, in Chester, Vermont, but its provenance as an invention reaches back to a fabled arena of psychosexual medicine, the Salpêtrière hospital in Paris, and to Jean-Martin Charcot, teacher of Freud and father of modern neurology. Charcot was an enthusiast for the idea that women with a grab bag of complaints, from irritability to sleeplessness to sexual fantasies and ungratified desire, were diseased. Hystero-neurasthenic disorder was the name for their sickness then. For some, he prescribed long train trips over rough track beds. If they took another doctor’s advice and sat in the rail carriage “so as to be leaning forward,” they might have got surprising relief. But such journeys were impractical, so Charcot and his colleagues devised a more homely vibration therapy.

Various iterations of the jolting chair entered commercial self-help markets. Mine was manufactured in New York, and contemporary advertisements promoted it to strengthen “the parts that are usually most neglected by the fair beings.” Now, a woman might enjoy the humpy bounce of this chair, varying the intensity, parting her legs, leaning forward and breathing deep, even calibrating her motions to the rhythms of a French dance tune, or gavotte, written for the purpose, but the jolting chair never proved as efficient at achieving that “hysterical paroxysm” of relief that doctors had been inducing in their female patients since at least the first century AD simply with their fingers. Nor could it compete with pulsing water cures or that ultimate women’s aid, the vibrator, also invented by a doctor and first used on hysterics at Salpêtrière.

As Rachel Maines demonstrates in her delightfully illuminating history *The Technology of Orgasm*, making patients out of sexually unsatisfied women was good business. The afflicted would neither die nor be cured but required regular massage treatments, weekly, sometimes daily, for an hour or even three. By one 1863 estimate, such therapies accounted for three-quarters of physicians’ business, but doctors seem to have got no pleasure out of diddling women. It was, Maines says, “the job nobody wanted.” And bringing women off was work, abstracted from sex (i.e., the robust progression from male hard-on to vaginal penetration to male orgasm) and requiring time and skill. With the vibrator, doctors’ productivity exploded, as sixty-minute visits shrank to ten, raising more revenue from more patients per day, until the device became so popular and multipurpose (Sears marketed a home vibrator with attachments for beating eggs, churning butter, operating a fan) that the medical profession had worked itself out of a job. Miraculously, the sick were healed as soon as the first vibrator popped up in porno in the 1920s.

Leap across the decades, and this quaint history appears positively progressive in that, willy-nilly, medicalization marched toward putting sexuality into women’s hands, into their heads in terms of body knowledge, and into the mix of culture, personal relations and a polymorphous physicality more true to life than

biological function alone. The white coats came out again with Masters and Johnson but bumped into a counterculture and an emancipation movement that pushed against their categorizations of normal or not. Every 1970s woman might not have gone to one of Betty Dodson’s masturbation workshops; every man certainly was not reborn as an attentive, exploring lover. But nor was everyone straight, in all senses of the word, and the fluidity of sexuality as part of the great mishmash of human experience was in the air-conditioning system of the culture. It was sexual but political, too. Today the cultural air is thick with sex, but the rhetoric of freedom and rights largely serves a commodified notion of sexual satisfaction. The politics has dropped out, and without politics we’re all just patients, or potential patients.

How else to explain that a reality as old as god—that the vast majority of women do not climax simply through intercourse—has re-emerged as dysfunction? Or that another grab bag of indicators of dissatisfaction and low desire are renamed as symptoms of hypoactive sexual desire disorder, for which a female Viagra or a testosterone patch or cream or nasal spray must be developed? How to explain that middle-aged women go under the knife for vaginal rejuvenation, basically pussy tightening, and that young women go under the knife for laser labiaplasty, basically genital mutilation, saying they only want to feel pretty, normal, and raise their chances of orgasm through intercourse? How to explain that a doctor like Stuart Meloy of North Carolina, a throwback to charlatans who tried to shock hysterics into health with electric charges, has even one patient to test his Orgasmatron, an electrode threaded up a woman’s spinal cord and controlled by a hand-held button that the patient can push (assuming the procedure doesn’t paralyze her) to make her clit throb with excitement during intercourse and reach the grail of mutually assured orgasm?

A terrific new documentary, *Orgasm Inc.*, by Liz Canner, addresses those questions in terms of corporate medicine and the creation of need via pseudofeminist incitements to full sexual mastery by Dr. Laura Berman and other shills for the drug industry. Female sexual dysfunction, it turns out, was wholly created by drug companies hoping to make even bigger money off women than they have off men with the comparatively smaller market for erectile dysfunction drugs. That’s capitalism; that’s its nature. The more obstinate question is why so many people are willing to be its slaves, and whether a resistant politics can grow up to say not just “We want in” to healthcare but “We want out” of the profit system and, on the sex front, out of a medical model that elevates a doctor over “playing doctor” or a more sensual ease with oneself and others.

“So many times I don’t think sex is a matter of health,” Dr. Leonore Tiefer, a sex therapist and founder of the New View Campaign to challenge the medicalization of sex, told me the other day. “I think it’s more like dancing or cooking. Yes, you do it with your body. You dance with your body, too. That doesn’t mean there’s a department of dance in the medical school. You don’t go to the doctor to learn to dance. And in dancing school the waltz class is no more normal than the samba class.” You might not be a good dancer by some scale of values. You might not get the steps right, or do steps at all, but even in wheelchairs people learn to move to the music.

JoANN WYPIJEWSKI

Eric Alterman

Harvard, Heal Thyself (Why Journalism Matters)

Harvard Medical School is exactly the kind of private institution on which the public welfare depends. The research and training it conducts have a ripple effect not only throughout this country but in much of the world. With its unmatched prestige and resources, however, come equivalent responsibilities. If the school allows its faculty to be corrupted by greed and payola, then society suffers as well.

No doubt the easiest, albeit not the only, way to undermine Harvard's mission would be to invite the pharmaceutical industry to offer secret bribes to its faculty in order to ensure that their research and teaching reflected not their scholarly judgment but the profit motives of these mega-corporations. This may, however, be just what is happening. (It certainly *appears* that way.) In 2008 Harvard earned an F from the American Medical Student Association for its lax conflict-of-interest standards on accepting Big Pharma cash, while the University of Pennsylvania, Stanford and Columbia won A's and B's. And back in March, members of its student body—many of whom were surreptitiously photographed by a representative of the Pfizer Corporation—demonstrated against the school's administration with the intent of “exposing and curtailing the industry influence in their classrooms and laboratories, as well as in Harvard's 17 affiliated teaching hospitals and institutes.”

The *New York Times's* Duff Wilson spent more than a month researching the issue and found plenty of fire to go with the smoke. He discovered that roughly “1,600 of 8,900 professors and lecturers have reported to the dean that they or a family member had a financial interest in a business related to their teaching, research or clinical care. The reports show 149 with financial ties to Pfizer and 130 with Merck.” Just one Harvard professor's disclosure listed forty-seven company affiliations, but the school's rules do not require specificity regarding speaking or consulting fees, other than meaningless categories such as “more than \$30,000,” making it impossible to determine who is buying what. Nor, according to the *Times*, are there “limits on companies' making outright gifts to faculty—free meals, tickets, trips or the like.” On an institutional level, \$8 million from sleep research companies created three new endowed professorships. Other companies are creating faculty prizes, subsidies and so forth. A first-year student told Wilson, “Before coming here, I had no idea how much influence companies had on medical education. And it's something that's purposely meant to be under the table, providing information under the guise of education.”

Together with the revelation by Senator Charles Grassley that a couple of famous faculty members have earned more than \$1 million each in unreported fees from companies that stood to

benefit from their recommendations, the recent spate of bad publicity spurred the Harvard administration to look into the possibility of healing itself. Medical school dean Jeffrey Flier, who remains an enthusiastic and unapologetic fundraiser from industry sources, and has received such funds for his own research, recently appointed a nineteen-member committee to “re-examine” Harvard's incredibly vague conflict-of-interest policies.

In the meantime, what did the school decide to do? Again, by all appearances, it chose to muzzle its students. The student handbook was revised to read, “All interactions between students and the media should be coordinated with the Office of the Dean of Students and the Office of Public Affairs. This applies to situations in which students are contacted by the media as well as instances in which students may be seeking publicity about a student-related project or program.” When Wilson reported this policy in the *Times*, the school immediately backtracked. Without denying that adjustments were at least in part prompted by student remarks regarding Pharma funding and influence, dean of students Nancy Oriol explained, “The wording is problematic, and it doesn't really capture our intent.” I called the dean because I thought the handbook's intent was crystal clear. We did not speak, but I did see an e-mail to students following up from Jules Dienstag, dean of medical education, alleging that the purpose of the guideline had been “to inform

students who wish to speak with journalists that we can serve as a vital resource.” Dienstag claimed to be particularly concerned about protecting patient confidentiality and other privacy-related issues. But Wilson tells me that “we [still] haven't got to the bottom of the amount of influence drug companies and other special interests have on medical education or continuing medical education. As we reported, Harvard Medical's dean wants to increase, not decrease, the school's connections with industry.”

The *Times's* reporting of this story offers one of the strongest arguments available for the importance of preserving the kind of journalism it represents. We all know that democracy relies on reporters to act as watchdogs on government. Most understand that business requires a close eye as well. Bloggers, foundations and displaced reporters are eager to do what they can to fill those respective voids. But what of a wholly private, ostensibly beneficent organization like Harvard Medical School? Though it receives massive government grants, it is not covered by the Freedom of Information Act. Its administration reveals information only as it sees fit. Do you think it will cooperate with some blogger? And consider the expense of a decently paid professional reporter spending more than a month on a single story unlikely to sell a single paper. Who is going to pay for that? Under such circumstances, who is going to think it worth investigating in the first place? ■



Naomi Klein

The Tel Aviv Party Stops Here

When I heard the Toronto International Film Festival (TIFF) was holding a celebratory “spotlight” on Tel Aviv, I felt ashamed of Toronto, the city where I live. I thought immediately of Mona Al Shawa, a Palestinian women’s rights activist I met on a recent trip to Gaza. “We had more hope during the attacks,” she told me. “At least then we believed things would change.”

Al Shawa explained that while Israeli bombs rained down last December and January, Gazans were glued to their TVs. What they saw, in addition to the carnage, was a world rising up in outrage: global protests, as many as 100,000 on the streets of London, a group of Jewish women in Toronto occupying the Israeli Consulate. “People called it war crimes,” Al Shawa recalled. “We felt we were not alone in the world.” If Gazans could just survive, it seemed that their suffering could be the catalyst for change.

But today, Al Shawa said, that hope is a bitter memory. The international outrage has evaporated. Gaza has vanished from the news. And it seems that all those deaths—as many as 1,400—were not enough to bring justice. Indeed, Israel is refusing to cooperate even with a UN fact-finding mission headed by respected South African judge Richard Goldstone.

Last spring, while Goldstone’s mission was in Gaza gathering devastating testimony, the Toronto International Film Festival was making the final selections for its Tel Aviv spotlight, timed for the Israeli city’s hundredth birthday. There are many who would have us believe that there is no connection between Israel’s desire to avoid scrutiny for its actions in the occupied territories and the glittering Toronto premieres. I am sure that Cameron Bailey, TIFF’s co-director, believes that himself. He is wrong.

For more than a year, Israeli diplomats have been talking openly about their new strategy to counter growing global anger at Israel’s defiance of international law. It’s no longer enough, they argue, just to invoke Sderot every time someone raises Gaza. The task is also to change the subject to more pleasant topics: film, arts, gay rights—things that underline commonalities between Israel and places like Paris, New York and Toronto. After the Gaza attack, as the protests rose, this strategy went into high gear. “We will send well-known novelists and writers overseas, theater companies, exhibits,” Arye Mekel, deputy director-general for cultural affairs for Israel’s Foreign Ministry, told the *New York Times*. “This way, you show Israel’s prettier face, so we are not thought of purely in the context of war.” And hip, cosmopolitan Tel Aviv, which has been celebrating its centennial with Israeli-sponsored “beach parties” in New York, Vienna and Copenhagen all summer long, is the best ambassador of all.

Toronto got an early taste of this new cultural mission. A year ago, Amir Gissin, Israeli consul-general in Toronto, explained that the “Brand Israel” campaign would include, according to

a report in the *Canadian Jewish News*, “a major Israeli presence at next year’s Toronto International Film Festival, with numerous Israeli, Hollywood and Canadian entertainment luminaries on hand.” Gissin pledged, “I’m confident everything we plan to do will happen.” Indeed it has.

Let’s be clear: no one is claiming the Israeli government is secretly running TIFF’s Tel Aviv spotlight, whispering in Bailey’s ear about which films to program. The point is that the festival’s decision to give Israel pride of place, holding up Tel Aviv as a “young, dynamic city that, like Toronto, celebrates its diversity,” matches Israel’s stated propaganda goals to a T. Gal Uchovsky, one of the directors in the spotlight, is quoted in the festival catalog saying that Tel Aviv is “a haven [Israelis] can run away to when they want to forget about wars and the burdens of daily life.”

Partly in response, Udi Aloni, the wonderful Israeli filmmaker whose film *Local Angel* premiered at TIFF, sent a video message to the festival, challenging its programmers to resist political escapism and instead “go to the places where it’s hard to go.” It’s ironic that TIFF’s Tel Aviv programming is being called a spotlight, because celebrating that city in isolation—without looking at Gaza, without looking at what is on the other side of the towering concrete walls, barbed wire and checkpoints—actually obscures far more than it illuminates. There are some wonderful Israeli films included in the program. They deserve to be shown as a regular part of the festival, liberated from this highly politicized frame.

It was in this context that a small group of filmmakers, writers and activists, of which I was a part, drafted The Toronto Declaration: No Celebration Under Occupation (torontodeclaration.blogspot.com). It has been signed by the likes of Danny Glover, Viggo Mortensen, Howard Zinn, Alice Walker, Jane Fonda, Eve Ensler, Ken Loach and more than a thousand others. Among them is revered Palestinian director Elia Suleiman, as well as many Israeli filmmakers.

The counterattacks—spearheaded by the Simon Wiesenthal Center and the extremist Jewish Defense League—have been at once predictable and inventive. The most frequently repeated claim is that the letter’s signatories are censors, calling for a boycott of the festival. In fact, many of the signatories have much-anticipated films at this year’s festival, and we are not boycotting it: we are objecting to the Tel Aviv spotlight portion of it. More inventive has been the assertion that by declining to celebrate Tel Aviv as just another cool metropolis, we are questioning the city’s “right to exist.” (The Republican actor Jon Voight even accused Jane Fonda of “aiding and abetting those who seek the destruction of Israel.”) The letter does no such thing. It is, instead, a simple message of solidarity, one that says: We don’t feel like partying with Israel this year. It is also a small way of saying to Mona Al Shawa and millions of other Palestinians living under occupation and siege that we have not forgotten them. ■



Gary Younge

A Method to Their Madness

Spare a thought, and maybe even a dime, for Kenneth Gladney. In August he and other members of the right-wing St. Louis Tea Party arrived at a town-hall meeting organized by Missouri Democrat Russ Carnahan to lobby against universal healthcare. In the spirit of this fraught summer, a fight broke out, ending in six arrests.

Who threw the first punch depends on whom you ask. But who got the worst of it was fairly clear. Gladney was taken to the emergency room with injuries to his knee, back, elbow, shoulder and face and ended up in a wheelchair. His troubles were just beginning. Recently laid off, this particular anti-health reform protester, it turned out, had no health insurance. Last heard, he was still accepting donations for his medical expenses.

It's not difficult to ridicule the American right. Its peculiar blend of paranoia, mania, fantasy and misanthropy has been given full rein these past few months. Those who demanded in July to see Obama's birth certificate (which does exist) ended August invoking the British healthcare system's "death panels" (which do not). That most of their claims were verifiably false was of little consequence—to them at least. At one point they insisted that if scientist Stephen Hawking were British and subject to the National Health Service, he would be dead, even though Hawking *is* British, alive and grateful to the NHS for his care.

So progressives could be forgiven for branding the right as stupid and crazy. But they would also be wrong. For if this is madness, there is great method in it. It is well organized and well funded. It has proven effective in mobilizing support, creating "controversy" where little exists and disrupting and disorienting whatever national conversation there is. If it is stupid, then what does it say about us, since time and again it manages to outmaneuver the left? Annoying, bizarre, incoherent, divisive, intolerant, small-minded, misinformed, ill informed and disinforming, certainly. But stupid and crazy—anything but. It takes considerable skill to convince people that something that is clearly good for them—like universal healthcare—is not. If the right is crazy, it is crazy like a Fox News presenter. Reducing a political strategy or belief to a psychological disorder to dismiss and ridicule its proponents may be comforting. But it also abandons any hope of defeating it or stymieing its influence beyond therapy.

There are three important points to acknowledge about people like Gladney. First, they are not new. The cold war in general and McCarthyism in particular was built on lies, misinformation, obsession and guilt by the most tenuous of associations. After Eisenhower defeated Taft at the 1952 GOP convention, a woman emerged insisting, "This means eight more years of socialism." In the late 1940s, a chairman of a federal loyalty review board conceded, "Of course, the fact that a person believes in racial equal-

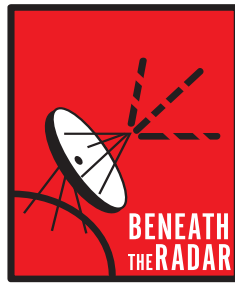
ity doesn't *prove* that he's a communist. But it certainly makes you look twice, doesn't it? You can't get away from the fact that racial equality is part of the communist line." Today the Internet distributes these slurs faster, and cable TV gives them more outlets. But there has always been a sizable section of society that seeks to fashion a bespoke reality out of whole cloth. These are the people who believe that civil rights was really about miscegenation, abortion rights is about promiscuity and gay rights is about pedophilia. There are more of them than we'd like to think. And they are not going away.

Second, you can't argue with them. A good two and a half weeks after failed rescue efforts during Hurricane Katrina left bodies floating in the streets and people abandoned on roofs, 35 percent of the country believed that George W. Bush had done a good or excellent job responding to the crisis. That is roughly the proportion of the country with whom there is no real means of engagement. These are the birthers, Swiftboaters, climate change skeptics, Obamaphobes and Palin-tologists—the base. They live in a politically parallel world where everyone they know believes the same as they do. They don't like established facts, so they come armed with their own. The left has such people too, but they are marginal. With no news channels to promote them or Congressmen prepared to advocate for them, their views rarely reach the mainstream.

Third, we can beat them. These people gain the kind of purchase that shifts them from an irritant to an obstacle only when there is a vacuum of leadership and the absence of good alternatives. It is only under these conditions that they are able to cast unreasonable doubt in the reasonable minds of those who seek clarification, encouragement or a stake in any substantive change. This is precisely what has happened with the healthcare debate over the past few months.

Less than a third of the country believes Obama has clearly explained his plans for healthcare reform. Two-thirds of independents and more than a third of Democrats believe he hasn't. According to a CNN poll, only one in five believes he or she will be better off after healthcare reform has passed, and 40 percent say they are confused by the proposals. Who can blame them?

A decisive portion of the country is desperate to be convinced. They know that what they have now is terrible but have yet to be convinced that what might come is better. How could it be otherwise when the very person who launched the reform process—the president—keeps hedging on its most essential element: the public option? The only thing that is controversial about universal healthcare is that America does not have it. The idea that a Democratic president with substantial Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress might fail to pass healthcare reform, well, that's enough to make anyone crazy. ■



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THE NEW DOMESTIC ORDER



DOMESTIC WORKERS UNITED

Passage of a 'Bill of Rights' in New York would be a promising win for a growing movement.

by LIZZY RATNER

Deloris Wright has been a nanny for twenty-one years. In the strange class warp of Manhattan's Upper East and West Sides, this places her squarely among the ranks of the invisible, a ministering ghost who is rarely seen and never heard. And yet, there she was on a startling spring Saturday, a 54-year-old Jamaican domestic worker standing at the edge of Central Park, demanding her rights.

"We take care of your children. We take them to school, to French classes, we clean your homes, do your laundry, and we care for your aging parents, right here in this neighborhood," she shouted into a microphone. "Now, with the economic crisis, we are thrown out into the street with no notice and no severance pay, no unemployment, no safety net, no nothing.... Some of our employers treat their pets with more humanity than they would treat us."

Before her, a crowd of several hundred supporters whooped and hollered. They were union leaders, young activists, sympathetic employers and, of course, domestic workers—women from a UN's worth of countries who understood Wright all too well. Patricia Francois, 50, a Trinidadian nanny, had recently been forced to leave her job after her male employer—a documentary filmmaker who lives opposite Carnegie Hall—allegedly punched, slapped and verbally abused her. Mona Lunot, a Filipina domestic worker, had spent her first nine months in the United States all but indentured to an employer who took her passport and denied her a single day off—a situation she endured until she finally escaped in the middle of the night.

Like many domestic workers, these women toiled in underpaid drudgery even during the best of times, members of a profession so devalued it is still excluded from many of the nation's labor laws. But as the economy collapsed, their lot grew even harder. So they headed to the Upper East Side—epicenter of

the domestic trade, playground of Wall Street's bailout chiefs—to press their case for their own government rescue plan: the first ever Domestic Workers' Bill of Rights.

This bill, which has been battling its way through the New York State legislature for five years, aims to provide basic protections to many of the estimated 200,000 nannies, housekeepers and eldercare-givers who labor in New York State. Backed by a diverse coalition of labor and religious groups and even employers, it calls for severance and overtime pay, advance notice of termination, one day off a week, holidays, healthcare and annual cost of living increases, among other fundamental rights. By most accounts, it should have passed in June, but an epic power struggle in the State Senate halted all business for a month. Now domestic workers are hoping their bill will pass in September.

"We are fighting for the Domestic Workers' Bill of Rights, for respect, for recognition, for justice," declared Wright, rousing the crowd before sending it marching past the pre-war palaces of Wall Street honchos like Goldman Sachs CEO Lloyd Blankfein, Morgan Stanley co-president Walid Chammah and former Treasury Secretary and ex-Citigroup director Robert Rubin. On normal days some of these women might have turned in to one of these buildings, unseen and uncounted, the real invisible hands of the market. But on this day they sang and chanted: "We're fired up! We won't take it no more!"

Throughout the long history of American domestic work, women have come together to demand rights, respect, a livable wage and, literally, a room of their own (domestic workers have all too frequently been banished to basements, laundry rooms and couches). In 1881, for instance, members of an Atlanta group called the Washing Society successfully organized washerwomen to strike for higher wages. The twentieth century saw at least two extended organizing episodes—one in

the '30s and one led by the Household Technicians of America in the '70s—as Eileen Boris and Premilla Nadasen explained in the December 2008 issue of *WorkingUSA*.

As the fight for the Domestic Workers' Bill of Rights suggests, a new movement is rising, with ambitions to take a mortal thwack at the industry's injustices. "We are looking to change the law, we are looking to make history, we are looking to get fair labor standards," says Francois, now a movement leader.

This latest domestic-worker uprising extends well beyond New York, though the Bill of Rights campaign is its most visible expression. In fact, throughout the past decade, nannies, housekeepers and eldercare-givers have been coming together in Florida, Texas, California and beyond—first a few women, then a few more in a rare kind of political parthenogenesis. Together, these women forged a movement that spans ten cities, several thousand members, dozens of nationalities and ever more groups. In 2007 thirteen of these formed the National Domestic Workers Alliance, a multiethnic, multilingual coalition; now it has eighteen member

The architects of the New Deal explicitly excluded domestic workers when doling out labor rights—and for many, it's still 1934.

groups. Though they are all still evolving, their efforts have already garnered ecstatic praise.

"It is really a multiracial, multiethnic form of feminism that we haven't seen very often in US history," says Nadasen, a professor of history at Queens College. "Through their activism they are expanding our notion of what feminism means." Ed Ott, former director of the New York City Central Labor Council, adds that the campaign represents "a model project for people who are working under the most brutal conditions."

Others, meanwhile, praise the women for weaving three of our era's most important movements into one: a women's movement, striking out at the stigma against household labor as women's labor and therefore not really labor at all; a workers' movement, defying notions about what kinds of workers can and should be organized; and an immigrants' movement, melding the struggle for rights here with the struggle for rights abroad.

This new movement began stirring in immigrant enclaves during the Clinton years, as the country's rising appetite for domestic labor began increasingly to be satisfied by poor women from far-flung lands. "This generation of domestic-worker organizing really started in the mid-'90s out of the changes in the political economy," explains Ai-jen Poo, 35, the whip-smart lead organizer of New York's Domestic Workers United (DWU). "On the one hand," Poo says, "you had globalization pushing people out of their home countries in search of a means to support their families. And then you had global cities like New York

that needed a workforce of low-wage service workers who would meet the day-to-day needs of the sort of white-collar workers who were operating the global economy."

If this sounds theoretical, it has nonetheless had very real implications for the country's growing domestic labor force (estimated at around 2 million). The ranks of domestic-worker activists are filled with globalization's refugees—with women like DWU member Barbara Young, 61, who lost her job as a bus conductor in Barbados in 1992 after the IMF pushed the government to downsize its transit force; and Linda Abad, 57, a Filipina domestic worker and organizer who opted to "join the global surplus labor" supply, as she put it, because the structurally adjusted Filipino economy made survival (and her kids' education) increasingly difficult.

Abad is a taut, quick woman whose story is instructive. When she left her family to find work in this country, she didn't expect a rosy transition, but she didn't expect the "discrimination" and "alienation" either: the New Jersey employer who refused to help with medical treatment after she injured her back on the job; the Park Avenue beauty magazine editor (married to a

Goldman Sachs executive) whose building required Abad to ride the service elevator; the editor's frequent screaming episodes, which inspired one of the kids to do the same while hitting her and pulling her hair. "Because they have the economic power," she says, "they think they can do anything with their workers inside their homes."

So she joined with other domestic workers to found the Damayan Migrant Workers Association.

Certainly there are instances of benevolence, but the women interviewed for this article cited a breathtaking range of abuses, from denial of minimum wage, days off, holidays and overtime pay to wage theft, verbal and physical abuse, sexual harassment, even slavery. Poo still gets teary when she remembers one of the first women who sought her help, a Jamaican housekeeper and nanny who was brought to this country by an electronics executive and his family at age 15 and held in latter-day servitude. For fifteen years, she raised their three kids and never received a salary because she was told that her mother was getting her checks. But the checks were never sent, and her employers gradually cut off her communication with her family. "Ultimately the way she escaped was that the kids she took care of saved their piggy bank money and gave it to her to run away," recalls Poo. "And she didn't want to press criminal charges because she didn't want to take the parents away from the kids."

Poo and her colleagues managed to win the woman a \$125,000 settlement. For several years after that, DWU and other groups focused on the plight of individuals. But before long, domestic-worker activists recognized that if they really wanted to change the industry, they had to organize—an awareness that seems to have happened almost simultaneously across the movement. The members realized that "for every single case that our legal department might be able to resolve, there's always going to be another one or another ten coming through," recalls Alexis de Simone, 27, the former women's organizer at CASA de Maryland, a Latin American immigrants' rights group.

Put differently, they realized that they had to begin attacking

Lizzy Ratner is a journalist who lives in New York.

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the roots of domestic-worker exploitation, which extend at least as far back as slavery—in many ways the structural antecedent of modern domestic work—and touch on everything from the devaluation of women's work to the ravages of neocolonialism to the very institution that's supposed to protect people's rights. "The government is in this, very much so," says Abad.

The government has been an active player in the exploitation of domestic workers for years, but the cardinal example belongs to the 1930s: that's when the architects of the New Deal, when doling out labor rights, explicitly excluded domestic and agricultural workers (both predominantly African-American) from such landmark laws as the National Labor Relations Act. Arguments around the government's right to regulate the private sphere played a role in the decision, but skin color was clearly the defining factor. "It was an exclusion premised primarily around the issue of race, that Southerners would continue to have control over the labor force of the South," explains Nadasen.

Seventy years later, some of these wrongs have been partially righted—thanks largely to the last great domestic-worker movement, which managed to win federal minimum wage and other protections in 1974. But enormous gaps remain. "Casual" workers like baby sitters and "companions" for the elderly are still barred from minimum wage protections, and all domestic workers remain excluded from the National Labor Relations Act, which guarantees the right to organize, as well as the Occupational Safety and Health Act. And because most domestic workers labor in environments with fewer than fifteen employees, they are also excluded from such key civil rights legislation as the Americans With Disabilities Act, the Age Discrimination in Employment Act and Title VII, which bars most kinds of employment discrimination. Add to this the difficulty of enforcing even the few protections that do exist—particularly for undocumented workers—and for many domestic workers it's still 1934.

All of which raises some weighty questions. How do you begin to undo all these decades of exploitation, particularly without the right to organize? How do you build power where there's been none before?

One increasingly popular answer has been to push for legislation creating rights for household workers. In 2003 New York City domestic workers persuaded the City Council to pass a bill requiring placement agencies to obtain signed promises from employers to respect minimum wage, overtime and Social Security obligations. Five years later, the women of CASA de Maryland led a successful campaign for a bill requiring employers in Montgomery County to provide workers with written wage and benefits contracts. More recently, a number of the groups have gone international, working with domestic-worker unions in South Africa, Trinidad, Hong Kong and elsewhere. Their current goal is to persuade the International Labor Organization to pass a convention protecting the rights of domestic workers by 2011.

Still, by far the biggest effort has been the battle for the Bill of Rights in New York—a campaign that is being closely watched by domestic workers across the country, though particularly in California, where groups have already begun plotting their own 2010 push for a bill. (In 2006 they nearly passed simi-

lar, if more modest, legislation, but it was vetoed by Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger.) "We know that if it gets passed in New York, it's going to help legislative efforts across the country," said Beatriz Herrera, an organizer with People Organized to Win Employment Rights (POWER) in San Francisco.

On a sparkling afternoon, four domestic workers sat in the basement offices of Adhikaar, a women-led Nepali rights group in Queens, discussing the Bill of Rights. Escapees of Nepal's civil strife, they were mostly middle-aged and older, and their tales ranged from nasty, name-calling employers, to seventeen-hour workdays for \$4 an hour, to one woman's four-year nightmare toiling for a family that refused to pay her or let her leave. These women know that the Bill of Rights won't solve all their problems; for that they'll need even greater transformations in women's rights, immigrants' rights and global economic policy. But when asked what the bill could mean, they shouted enthusiastically.

"We have to work seventeen hours a day, and hopefully with this we'll have to work less," declared a woman named Basanta. "It will be better than now!" added another named Brinda. "We can get our leave!" "Christmas Day, New Year!" "Minimum wage!" shouted others.

By most accounts, the quest for the Bill of Rights began out of discussions like this—specifically, out of the dreams of some 250 domestic workers who gathered in 2003 to discuss what it would take for them "to feel respect and recognition on the job," according to Poo. The resulting legislative odyssey hasn't always been easy. Even in the absence of any vocal opposition, some legislators (in particular, those whose constituents tend to be employers) have balked at some of the bill's most basic demands, like health benefits and severance pay.

Nonetheless, this past spring, the legislative gears finally began to turn, and after years of lobbying and forging alliances with labor unions, religious leaders and sympathetic employers, a Bill of Rights is close to becoming reality. Governor David Paterson supports the bill and has promised to sign it. On June 23 the State Assembly passed a modified version, a so-called Inclusion Bill that guarantees important rights like overtime, a day of rest per week and inclusion in state human rights and collective bargaining laws (though it leaves out important others). Now all that remains is for the State Senate to pass its version, which organizers hope will strengthen the Assembly version.

"At the end we're going to have what we all hope is protection for domestic workers, with some dignity in their work life, a real degree of enforcement for them, and a change in the discussion of how domestic workers should be treated," says State Senator Diane Savino, the Senate bill's lead sponsor, who has been pushing for a stronger version.

Will it be the dream Bill of Rights? Certainly it will be a powerful initial step, the first time a state has guaranteed domestic workers some of the rights and respect they have been denied for so long. But don't expect domestic worker activists to stop there. "The work has just begun," says Christine Lewis, a Trinidadian nanny and DWU activist. "To say that when the Bill of Rights comes through, that it's going to be a walk in the park—the work will just begin." ■

People, Let's Get Our Carbon Down

From soul to hip-hop: the new environmental movement has a street beat.

by REV. LENNOX YEARWOOD JR. AND BILL MCKIBBEN

Here's a question whose answer might surprise you: what American songwriter penned the most-listened-to piece of environmental protest music of all time? Somebody with an acoustic guitar? John Denver?

The answer, almost certainly, is Marvin Gaye. "Mercy, Mercy Me (The Ecology)" appeared on *What's Going On*, the album he released in May 1971, which went straight to the top of the charts, even though Motown boss Berry Gordy thought it was too political to sell. "I realized that I had to put my own fantasies behind me if I wanted to write songs that would reach the souls of people. I wanted them to take a look at what was happening in the world," Gaye said later. The Vietnam War, protested in the album's title song, was part of that story, and so was drug abuse—and so was "oil wasted on the oceans and upon our seas," and "radiation in the ground and in the sky," and "fish full of mercury."

Where did all the blue sky go?
Poison is the wind that blows
From the north, east, south and sea

For a brief moment after the first Earth Day, it made perfect sense for the civil rights and environmental movements to be singing the same tune. Tragically, those movements soon diverged—diverged so far that some people still find it odd that activists like ourselves are working side by side again on issues like global warming and poverty. But it makes perfect sense—there is no threat to social justice greater than the breakdown of our earth's physical systems, and no way to ease that threat without rearranging power, both in America and around the world.

Think for a minute about Hurricane Katrina: those high winds blew in a lot of truths. For one, we've amped up nature in a dangerous way: scientists now expect ever stronger storms to rake our shores. For another, poverty puts some people at far more risk than others. No one will ever forget those pictures of the Lower Ninth Ward when the levee broke, but in almost every city on earth the poorest people live in the equivalent of the Lower Ninth. It's not that everyone won't eventually be affected by climate change—plenty of middle-class white people lost their homes when the storm rampaged across Louisiana and Mississippi. But almost everywhere, rich people occupy higher ground, and the places that flood belong to those who can't



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afford better. As the oceans rise throughout this century, those are the places that will turn wet and swampy first—substandard housing in the twenty-first century still means lead paint and asthma, but now it means you better cut a hole in the attic so you can get on the roof and wait for the helicopter.

And of course there are whole nations built on low ground—places like Bangladesh, which may see a fifth of its land under water. In this decade we've watched diseases like dengue fever spread through the poorest parts of the poor world, driven by the mos-

quitoes that like the warm, wet world we're building. We've watched blocs of nations—low-lying islands, for instance—turn to the UN to demand action to ensure their very survival. Almost without exception, these endangered places are filled with people of color, and with poor people.

That's why the fight against climate change is a very basic fight for people in New Orleans, or in Oakland, or in DC—or in Dhaka, and Calcutta, and Lagos. These are the places that will drive the demographic future, here and abroad; the centuries to come belong to black and brown and yellow humans. But 200 years of burning coal and gas and oil, mostly by Americans and Europeans, threaten to make that future impossible. That's why, right now, we've got to take a united stand to slow it down—why 350.org will be holding demonstrations around the planet on October 24 to demand that our leaders pay attention to science and limit carbon concentrations to 350 parts per million. That's the most important number on the planet, though no one knew it eighteen months ago. NASA's Jim Hansen and his team reported recently that concentrations higher than 350 are not compatible with "the planet on which civilization developed and to which life on earth is adapted." Since we're at 387 and rising right now, that's very bad news. It explains why the Arctic is melting, why Australia is drying up and why we watch the hurricane season with more trepidation with each passing year.

It also explains why more than a thousand actions are already planned for October 24, in every corner of the planet. The earth's immune system is finally kicking in, people are signing up to march in China and India, and churches across America are pledging to ring their bells 350 times that day. It may turn out to be the largest global environmental action of all time, and beyond any doubt the most beautiful and diverse. Some of those protests will be atop lofty mountains, or undersea off the Great Barrier Reef, or on the lovely organic farms of Vermont. And some will be in grittier places, where the battle is even more crucial.

That battle—which began when the Hip Hop Caucus and Green for All announced the Green the Block campaign on August 4 from the West Wing of the White House—is for

The Rev. Lennox Yearwood Jr. is president and CEO of the Hip Hop Caucus. Bill McKibben, the author of a dozen books about the environment, is the co-founder of 350.org.

many things. One of those is a stronger deal at the Copenhagen climate conference in December than the weak agreement currently under consideration. Yvo de Boer, the international diplomat who is chairing those talks, recently pointed out as diplomatically as possible that the numbers on the table are nowhere near what the science demands. "This is not enough to address climate change," he said. Later he told activists that it would help the process enormously if they would mobilize: "If you could get your members out on the street before Copenhagen, that would be incredibly valuable." So we will—and if Copenhagen is to succeed, we must move American policy too. The Waxman-Markey legislation on Capitol Hill goes further than any climate legislation in the past, but it's still riddled with loopholes and giveaways, because members of Congress still fear the coal industry more than they fear the effects of climate change (or climate-minded voters).

But this environmentalism can't just be about the dangers we'll face if we don't take action—Green the Block means embracing the changes we must make as a way to build inclusive, thriving local economies. We need to put people to work swinging hammers—not building luxury condos for people with easy credit but installing insulation in old homes and solar hot-water heaters on roofs. We need urban farming and strong local businesses standing up to the big boxes that suck the life and money from communities.

We believe we will be able to affect the decisions in Copenhagen and in Congress, because some of the leaders of this new movement are different from the environmental lobbyists of the past. The old school are still important, but their constituencies

are also graying, their work too often confined to making cozy arrangements with the powers that be. The new environmentalism draws everyone from church people to business people. The world's greatest mountain climbers are busy recruiting their brethren for October 24, urging them to get up high with banners. Michael Pollan and Barbara Kingsolver are rallying small farmers and food activists; people will rally at many a farmers' market that day. And b-boys and graffiti artists are busy recruiting their friends to create images of 350.

But most of all, the constituency is young people, who understand that they will bear the results of inaction for their whole lives—and who understand in a visceral way the hopeful possibilities that come from a newly connected world. Marvin Gaye and the soul era gave voice to the oppressed during the struggle for civil rights. Now young people are singing new freedom songs and identifying with one another under an umbrella known as hip-hop. The swagger and style that young people and their urban-influenced culture bring to the green movement bear little resemblance to the old tree-hugging brand of environmentalism. But as the conscious caretakers of a "block" on the brink of climate catastrophe, they are powerful partners in the green movement.

That's why the soul of modern environmentalism is right where Marvin Gaye left it in 1971, the spot we never should have walked away from:

Oh, things ain't what they used to be

What about this overcrowded land?

How much more abuse from man can she stand? ■

The American Leviathan

The Pentagon has all but eclipsed the State Department in setting US foreign policy.

by **STEPHEN GLAIN**

News travels fast across the red desert bush of remote Djibouti. Even as US military reservists erect a field hospital around a cluster of tents and blockhouses near a desolate watering hole, dozens of tribespeople are waiting for treatment in orderly rows. They arrive with maladies of every sort: bad teeth, diarrhea, fevers, colds, arthritis. At the triage center, an elderly tribesman has had a thorn removed from his foot, a wound that had been infected for months. At the dental surgery station, Navy Lt. Bill Anderson, an orthodontist from Northfield, New Jersey, will over the next few hours extract a dozen rotting or impacted teeth using instru-



CHRISTOPHER SERRA

ments that sparkle in the late-morning sun.

The reservists are attached to a Djibouti-based task force of some 1,800 soldiers, marines, sailors and Air Force personnel. Embedded with them is an aid specialist from the Agency for International Development, which provides guidance for the operation. She is reticent and refers questions to the agency's country leader, Stephanie Funk. The next day, Funk acknowledges that USAID's solitary representation on the triage mission is symptomatic of a new age in US foreign policy—one in which America, in peacetime

as much as in war, is personified abroad more by soldiers than by civilians. "If we had the numbers and the money to do field-work, we would, but our budgets have been declining for years," Funk said in her office on the US Embassy compound in Djibouti City. "The Pentagon has got both numbers and money. For every fifty of them, there's only one of me."

Stephen Glain, a Washington, DC-based journalist, author and columnist for the Abu Dhabi National, is writing a book about the militarization of US foreign policy. Research support for this article was provided by the Puffin Foundation Investigative Fund at The Nation Institute.

Quietly, gradually—and inevitably, given the weight of its colossal budget and imperial writ—the Pentagon has all but eclipsed the State Department at the center of US foreign policy-making. The process began with the dawn of America’s post-World War II global empire and deepened in the mid-1980s, with the expansion of worldwide combatant commands. It matured during the Clinton years, with the military’s migration into humanitarian aid and disaster relief work, and accelerated rapidly with George W. Bush’s declaration of endless conflict in the “global war on terror” and a near-doubling of military spending.

In addition to new weapons and war fighters, the Pentagon’s budget now underwrites a cluster of special funds from which it can train and equip foreign armies—often in the service of repressive regimes—as well as engage in aid development projects in pursuit of its own tactical ends. Although these programs must be conducted with State Department approval and are subject to Congressional review, legislative oversight and interagency coordination is spotty at best. The Pentagon, meanwhile, is pushing for full discretionary control over these funds—a move that would render meaningless the 1961 Foreign Assistance Act, which concentrated responsibility for civilian and military aid programs within the State Department.

Defense Secretary Robert Gates has lamented the resource gap between civilian and military agencies, most pointedly in a July 2008 speech, when he warned of the “creeping militarization” of foreign policy. He has wryly pointed out how, given the Defense Department’s \$664 billion budget compared with the State Department’s \$52 billion annual outlay, Washington employs more military band members than it does foreign service officers. No one at the Pentagon, however, is calling for the restoration of State Department primacy over foreign affairs and a proper budget to finance it. Rather, Defense officials speak of a civilian-military “partnership” in which, some fear, an underfunded State Department would be reduced to a mere subcontractor for Pentagon initiatives.

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton has suggested she will reestablish the State Department as the fountainhead of foreign policy. But she has said little about the Pentagon’s expanded funding authority, and her embrace of what she calls “the three Ds” of her mission—defense, diplomacy and development—implies DoD’s preoccupations are in concert with her own. Nor has she suggested she might allow greater autonomy for USAID, where officials grumble about how their work is as routinely politicized by the State Department as it is by the Pentagon. Indeed, Clinton has yet to name a new permanent director.

Though Clinton has presided over a marked increase in USAID’s budget, diplomats and politicians say an overhaul is way overdue. “Without a more robust aid agency,” Richard Lugar, the ranking minority member on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, wrote in the August 9 *Washington Post*, “President Obama’s pledge to double foreign assistance would be like adding a third story to a house that had a crumbling foundation.” Lugar, along with Senator John Kerry, is promoting a bill that would give USAID the lead role in coordinating foreign assistance.

The Pentagon, meanwhile, is flexing its own policy-making muscle. As Bush’s wars grew in scope, so too did the military’s aid budget and its focus on nonlethal activities—what DoD once referred to as “military operations other than war.” Now known by the conveniently vague and expansive handle of “stability operations,” and funded by a war chest passed into law three years ago, these missions are often deeply at odds with the goals of diplomats and civilian aid workers. Perversely, the Pentagon is militarizing foreign policy even as it “civilianizes” the character of its activities abroad.

Civilians figure at least as heavily as generals and admirals in the pantheon of American militarism. It was George W. Bush and Donald Rumsfeld—with the collusion of Condoleezza Rice—who expanded and entrenched the Pentagon’s franchise over foreign policy. Rumsfeld’s contempt for civilian authority was demonstrated most clearly, and with devastating results, in the run-up to the war in Iraq. Aside from bulldozing the constitutional prerogatives of Secretary of State Colin Powell, he vigorously, if stealthily, subverted the nation’s civilian leaders abroad. Before the US invasion, for example, he dispatched a three-man team to gather intelligence

As the Pentagon’s funding capacity has expanded, so has its foray into humanitarian aid and social development.

in several Middle Eastern states without informing the ambassadors of their activities, according to a source with intimate knowledge of the episode. The secret deployment has been widely interpreted as a direct violation of the executive Letter of Instruction to Chiefs of Mission, first signed by President Kennedy, which gave the US ambassador in his host country “full responsibility for the direction, coordination, and supervision of all Department of Defense personnel on official duty.”

Rumsfeld also blocked NGOs from any substantial role in postwar Iraq, soft-stalling their efforts to obtain licenses to enter pre-invasion Iraq and stonewalling their requests for information on procedures once Saddam Hussein’s regime had been destroyed. “The plans were classified,” Sandra Mitchell, then a vice president for the International Rescue Committee (IRC), said in an interview at the time. “We would get answers like, ‘We’re working on it. Don’t worry. We’ll be handling this.’”

The results were calamitous, and since then the Defense Department has aggressively sought the support and expertise of civilian aid groups—so much so that InterAction, a coalition of American NGOs, was compelled to issue a code of conduct to its members to lessen the chances for blowback, which often comes from working with the military. “To the extent that we become identified with the US military, we become compromised,” says George Rupp, president and CEO of the IRC. “We’re trying to keep it from changing the way we do business, but things may be changing whether we like it or not.”

Despite the Foreign Assistance Act's stipulation of State Department authority, the Pentagon accounts for nearly a quarter of America's budget for overseas direct assistance—up from near zero a decade ago—while USAID's share has declined to 40 percent from 65 percent during the same period. Moreover, as the Pentagon's funding capacity has expanded, so has its foray into humanitarian aid and social development. Directive 3000.5, a November 2005 Pentagon mission statement, defines stability operations as “a core U.S. military mission” to be conducted “across the spectrum from peace to conflict, to establish or maintain order in States and regions.” It tasks US forces to develop, among other things, “a viable market economy, rule of law, democratic institutions, and a robust civil society,” including “various types of security forces, correctional facilities, and judicial systems.”

Any mission conducted “from peace to conflict...in States and regions” is by definition everlasting and all-encompassing, and Directive 3000.5 chills the foreign aid and diplomatic community. The document concedes that humanitarian and development work is often best performed by civilian experts, and it encourages their input. But it also makes clear that “US military forces shall be prepared to perform all tasks necessary to establish or maintain order when civilians cannot do so.”

The Pentagon says it needs its own aid budget because assistance programs run by the State Department are overly bureau-

It was not a military cabal but a civilian cadre that expanded the reach and lethality of the military, despite the collapse of the Soviet Union.

cratic. It argues that aid developed and administered directly by the Defense Department, such as the Pentagon's recent appeal for \$400 million in emergency funding to train and equip the Pakistani army, will be more responsive and yield faster results. Critics respond that such a narrow focus on military concerns will crowd out other foreign policy priorities like the promotion of human rights, education and healthcare. “If DoD is concerned that civilian-led processes are too slow, then let's talk about how we fix those processes,” says Gregory Elias Adams of Oxfam America. “Let's have a conversation about how the inter-agency process is broken and needs to be fixed. If civilian agencies do not have capacity to contribute to the mission, it will be military imperatives that carry the day.”

In the January/February issue of *Foreign Affairs*, former ambassador J. Anthony Holmes noted how in June 2008 the State Department had only 10 percent more diplomats and support staff than it had a quarter-century ago, when there were twenty-four fewer countries in the world and US interests were concentrated in Europe and Northeast Asia. Unlike the military, which bases a fifth of its 1.6 million active-duty servicepeople overseas, the diplomatic corps posts nearly three-quarters of its people abroad. As a result, Holmes argues, the State Department lacks “surge capacity,” the ability to train and retrain personnel or rotate them to hot spots

without having to leave their posts empty in the interim.

Absent a far more aggressive restructuring of civilian aid and diplomatic agencies, their dependence on the military will only intensify. In April the White House backed away from a pledge to staff hundreds of posts in Afghanistan with civilians for lack of funding and said it would instead turn to the Pentagon. Meanwhile, efforts to set up an expeditionary corps of some 2,500 civilians under State Department leadership have snagged on interagency snits, Congressional lethargy and funding constraints.

The Obama administration has acknowledged the problem. In its budget for 2010, it calls for 1,300 new foreign service officers, and it is planning a near doubling of the State Department's foreign aid budget from 2008 levels—a step in the right direction, say aid workers and diplomats, but not nearly enough to meet the department's commitments. “I have never seen a better opportunity to rebalance the tool kit,” says Gordon Adams, a Clinton administration national security expert and now a professor at the American University's School of International Service. “But there remains a serious discontinuity between the structure of Defense and the structure at State. One of the many questions [Secretary of State] Clinton will have to answer is how to deal with the military on a regional basis overseas.”

It is overseas, after all, where US foreign policy is implemented, and it is there that the State Department's authority is so plainly obscured by the Pentagon's shadow.

As part of a broader effort to reform the Defense Department's chain of command, the world was divided into operational zones in 1986. The centrality of these regional commands and the men who lead them—the best-known is Gen. David Petraeus, head of Central Command, or Centcom, which is responsible for US security

efforts from the Persian Gulf to Central Asia—has increased as the Pentagon endows them with ever larger missions and budgets. In particular, the combatant commander has the authority to fund military cooperation agreements with governments in his area of responsibility, a mandate that was once concentrated within the Office of the Secretary of Defense. That prerogative alone gives the commanders enormous prestige with host governments at a time when their civilian counterparts, from ambassadors on down, have been pauperized by spending cuts that date back to Senator Jesse Helms's war on foreign aid in the 1990s.

In general, ambassadors and combatant commanders find common ground on many issues. But tensions, particularly in time of war, are inevitable. In 2003 then-Centcom commander Gen. John Abizaid wanted to build a \$99 million counterterrorism facility in Jordan at the request of Jordanian King Abdullah II. The project was opposed as a needless extravagance by Edward Gnehm, US Ambassador to Jordan at the time. So Abizaid went around Gnehm by funding the training facility from his own budget, according to a source with intimate knowledge of the matter. (An e-mailed request to Abizaid's office for comment was not returned.) The *New York Times* reported on March 8, 2006, that for about two years the Pentagon had been dispatching Military Liaison Elements—special operations

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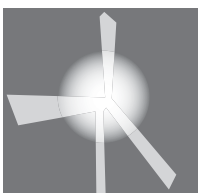


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Ed Asner is Beyond Nuclear honorary chairman and currently the voice of Carl in "Up."

teams tasked with gathering intelligence on suspected terrorists and ways to destroy them—to various countries without the US ambassadors' knowledge. In Niger two years ago, the US chief of mission cut back the number of entry visas for US military personnel because of the country's political fragility and because the embassy lacked the resources to accommodate them, according to a report by the Government Accountability Office.

If *Command Strategy 2016* is anything to go by, however, the Pentagon has no intention of waiting around. Issued in March 2007, it describes Southern Command, or Southcom, which has responsibility for Latin America and the Caribbean, as a Joint Interagency Security Command that would “provide enabling capabilities to focus and integrate interagency-wide efforts to address the full range of regional capabilities.” As Adm. James Stavridis, then-leader of Southcom, elaborated at the time, “We want to be like a big Velcro cube that these other agencies can hook to so we can collectively do what needs to be done in this region.”

Needless to say, many of those “other agencies” are reluctant to go along for the ride, particularly given the US military's

Absent a far more aggressive restructuring of civilian aid and diplomatic agencies, their dependence on the military will only intensify.

checkered history in Latin America, where the Pentagon first began working independently with foreign governments. In 1988 lawmakers passed a bill ordering the military to arrest the flow of narcotics into the United States from Mexico, intensifying the failed “war on drugs” and lending thrust to the Pentagon's neo-imperialist lunge into Latin America. “Southern Command should not be the coordinating agency, because then they become the face of US assistance in foreign regions,” says George Withers, a senior fellow at the Washington Office on Latin America. “The agency that coordinates controls the agenda.”

When he was chair of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Lugar dispatched aides around the world to quantify the effects of DoD's expanded presence overseas and its growing dominance of US security policy. The result was two reports—committee “prints,” in Capitol Hill parlance—that provide an alarming account of how much of foreign policy has been ingested by the military. “As a result of inadequate funding for civilian programs,” concludes the first of the two prints, released in December 2006, “US defense agencies are increasingly being granted authority and funding to fill perceived gaps. Such bleeding of civilian responsibilities overseas from civilian to military agencies risks weakening the Secretary of State's primacy in setting the agenda for US relations.”

The report disparages the 12-to-1 spending ratio between the Pentagon and the State Department, which it says “risks the further encroachment of the military, by default, into areas where civilian leadership is more appropriate because it does not create resistance overseas and is more experienced.” Left unchecked, it warns, the increase in the number of military personnel and

Pentagon activities abroad could lead to “blurred lines of authority between the State Department and the Defense Department [and] interagency turf wars that undermine the effectiveness of the overall US effort against terrorism.”

The report contains many examples of the need for civilian authority “to temper Defense Department enthusiasm.” It cites an unnamed African country—“unstable, desperately poor, and run by a repressive government”—that appealed to the US military for help in fighting an insurgency. The Pentagon agreed and soon afterward hailed the nation as a “model country for security assistance.” Civilian embassy officials, however, expressed concern at the proliferation of US military personnel there. “It would be a major setback,” the print notes, “if the United States were to be implicated in support of operations shoring up the repressive regime, regardless of the stated intent of such training.”

The wellspring for such operations is Section 1206 of the 2006 National Defense Authorization Act, which allocated the Pentagon \$200 million to spend on lethal and nonlethal equipment, supplies and training to foreign militaries. Section 1206 remains a limited authority, though last year legislators extended its budgeting cycle to three years, added maritime security to its list of activities and topped up its allocation to \$350 million. A key condition Congress laid down for 1206 approval—that the Pentagon submit its programs list to the State Department for “concurrency” or “dual-key” approval—remains. Despite this, 1206 funds have been invested in countries with highly autocratic governments.

The US government has a long history of bankrolling dictators in pursuit of strategic ends. But there is a difference between declaring such support as official policy—as is the case with Egypt, for example—and the Pentagon's dole, which Congress allots with only a perfunctory understanding of how the money will be spent. In August 2008 Senator Russell Feingold responded to the Pentagon's request for additional 1206 funding with a report that \$6 million from the program had been given to the government of Chad, which according to the State Department is “engaging in extra-judicial killing, arbitrary detention and torture.” Other recipients of 1206 funding are Algeria, Cameroon, Equatorial Guinea, Gabon and Tunisia, all of which have abysmal human rights records.

Conspicuously absent from the debate over Section 1206 was Condoleezza Rice. At the time, Senator Patrick Leahy wrote Rice several letters imploring her not to cede unprecedented power to the Pentagon. According to Paul Clayman, an attorney who has worked for the State Department as well as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and others who were closely involved in the debate, the staff on Lugar's committee were staggered by Rice's passivity.

In April 2008 Rice and Gates testified jointly before the House Armed Services Committee. In addition to their mutual desire for augmentation of the Pentagon's Section 1206 channel, Rice also endorsed a new Pentagon-controlled allocation under Section 1207 of the defense bill that could fund State Department projects contingent on the defense secretary's approval. At one

point, Rice was asked by Congressman Vic Snyder whether she still believed ambassadors should be the most senior representatives of US missions overseas. Naturally, Rice answered in the affirmative. What was striking was the fact that the question had to be asked in the first place.

Congress is now pushing back—sort of. In its version of the Pentagon's most recent supplemental budget, lawmakers stipulated that authority over the Pakistan counterinsurgency fund should reside with the State Department at the end of fiscal 2010. The House version of the bill called for State to assume immediate control of the fund, but the Senate prevailed in delaying the transfer, noting the department's "lack of capacity."

On the other hand, the House also appears to be leaning toward DoD in the 1206 debate. In a June report on the National Defense Authorization Act for fiscal year 2010, the House Armed Services Committee soft-pedaled its earlier position that 1206 programs should be transferred to State. Instead, it committed itself to the existing "dual key" framework and averred that "whatever the final, permanent form these authorities take, the Secretary of Defense must play a primary role in generating requirements." The report also asserts that "the Department of State still lacks the capacity to execute these authorities."

The Pentagon shows little inclination to relinquish its authority. An internal DoD memo issued last November characterized civilian agencies as too weak to help in counterinsurgency operations and declared that the Pentagon should be ready to lead such missions absent a "whole-of-government"

approach. The document, leaked in January, warned that it would take civilian agencies at least a decade to develop the capacity to work effectively alongside the military. In February an unnamed "senior Pentagon official" told *Inside the Pentagon*, a weekly newsletter, that the military needed "a great deal of budgetary flexibility" in order to "proactively get ahead of problems before they become disasters." In May, Michael Vickers, soon to become assistant secretary of defense for special operations, told Congress it should increase spending "several fold" for funding under Section 1208, a budget mandate exclusive to the Pentagon in support of "foreign forces, irregular forces, [and] groups or individuals" engaged in combating terrorism. The oversight mechanism for 1208 programs is considerably less rigorous than those associated with 1206.

Civilian Washington, in other words, has reaped its own whirlwind. It was not a military cabal but a civilian cadre—Clinton in the 1990s, followed by Bush and his neoconservative courtiers—who expanded the reach and lethality of the military, despite the collapse of the Soviet Union. As the executioner of foreign policy, so much of which is now imposed from the business end of a Predator drone, why shouldn't the Pentagon serve also as its judge and jury? The answer, of course, is that America is a republic, a nation not of men but of laws, and the laws say foreign policy must be charted by civilians. Complacent politicians have neglected this trust, however, and the military now defines US interests abroad as much as it defends them. That is the bill for a leviathan. It is the wages of empire. ■

Obama's CIA-on-Campus Program

by JON WIENER

The CIA-off-campus protests of the 1980s may need to be revived—this time addressed to President Obama. The administration has asked Congress to establish a new "intelligence officer training program" at colleges and universities. The proposal, buried in the 2010 intelligence authorization bill, would invite schools to apply for grants for courses that would "meet the needs of the intelligence community." Students taking the courses would have to receive security clearances, according to Walter Pincus of the *Washington Post*, and their participation would be kept secret. After graduating, they would be required to work for the CIA or another intelligence agency.

Obama clearly wants a better CIA and hopes universities will help. But mandatory security clearances and secrecy conflict with universities' commitment to openness and free inquiry. Yale, for



CHRISTOPHER SERRA

example, says "the principles of openness, trust, and free inquiry...are fundamental to the autonomy and well-being of a university."

The CIA's problems have included domestic spying, in violation of its charter; assassination plots against Castro and others; and coups that overthrew governments in Iran, Guatemala and elsewhere. These were exposed in the 1970s by Frank Church's Senate committee, but in the Reagan years covert activities returned with a vengeance, and renewed protests focused on campus recruiters. As *The Nation* reported in 1988, "students at

more than seventy colleges and universities have organized energetically: physically barring recruiters from campus, disrupting interview sessions, taunting C.I.A. representatives, holding sit-ins and demonstrations to protest university decisions."

Under Obama's proposal, interested students would have to apply to the director of national intelligence for admittance to the program. Selected students would get money, including not only tuition and funds for books but also a monthly stipend and travel expenses. We're not talking about federal Pell Grants

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here; this money would come from the Pat Roberts Intelligence Scholars Program and would include paid internships at the CIA or other intelligence agencies. Students receiving financial aid, according to Pincus, “would be obligated to serve” at the CIA or another intelligence agency “for the same length of time as they received their subsidy.” The CIA, of course, is the agency whose use of torture has just been documented in sickening detail by an official report. Defenders say that’s all in the past, but Obama’s CIA director, Leon Panetta, opposes a Justice Department investigation of the torturers.

The bill with the CIA-on-campus program was approved by the Senate Intelligence Committee on July 16 and is awaiting approval by Congress. Remarkably, committee debate did not touch on the new campus program but instead focused on CIA oversight and failures of agency reporting to Congress.

What kinds of courses would the program pay for? One might hope they would include careful study of the Geneva Conventions prohibiting torture. Required reading should also include *Legacy of Ashes*, the award-winning history of the CIA written by Tim Weiner, who details its dismal track record, including failure to predict the 1979 Iranian Revolution and the collapse of the Soviet Union, not to mention the claim that Saddam Hussein possessed weapons of mass destruction. And let’s not forget 9/11, when the CIA waited until too late to inform the FBI about two of the terrorists who would become hijackers.

You might conclude from these blunders that the agency needs people with better training. That indeed is the argument in favor of the CIA-on-campus program. But it was precisely in the days when Harvard, Yale and Princeton men ran the agency that it failed so miserably at providing “intelligence.” Apparently an Ivy League education is not the solution to the CIA’s problems.

According to the bill, the new program will teach “analytic, scientific, technical, or other skills necessary to meet the needs of the intelligence community.” That’s pretty vague. The program will also provide grants to faculty members for research that meets their “current or emerging needs.” In the past, faculty who did research for the CIA were required to get security clearances and sign lifetime secrecy agreements—a problem for those who believe in openness and free inquiry.

It’s hard for schools—especially now, during a recession and with endowments shrinking—to resist government funds for courses and financial aid. But you might think some of them would not want to participate in a program that requires students to get security clearances. I asked the presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Penn whether they had any reservations about it. Each said the same thing: “No comment.”

I found one exception among administrators: Harvard College dean Evelyn Hammonds, a historian of science, said she had not heard about the proposal, but “from what you described this has some real problems associated with it. It reminds me of when graduate students in the sciences worked on issues that touched on security and weapons programs.” The Princeton director of media relations said president Shirley Tilghman would have no comment because “this legislation is in proposal form.” Yale’s deputy director of public affairs made the same argument. But wouldn’t that be the best time for a university president to express concern and seek changes—before legislation was passed?

The new program will incorporate an already existing one, the Intelligence Community Centers of Academic Excellence, which has trained about 650 students at ten universities in the past four years, including Norfolk State; Florida International; the University of Texas, Pan American; and Cal State, San Bernardino. That program isn’t exactly rigorous. At Cal State, Long Beach, it claims to emphasize “national security, intelligence, foreign area studies, language proficiency, geographical expertise and related competencies.” In fact, it’s an extension of the minor in geography. Eight courses are required, including Map Interpretation and Analysis, and Physical Geography. So it teaches students how to find Waziristan on a map, but it doesn’t teach them to speak Pashto or understand Pashtun politics, much less to infiltrate Taliban groups there.

The Long Beach website says, “Completing the course of study does not obligate the student to apply for, or accept, employment with the U.S. Intelligence Community”—which may be the best solution for all concerned. What’s wrong with the CIA is not going to be fixed by training undergrads to work for the agency. And bringing CIA secrecy on campus is only going to undermine the university’s principles. ■

Exchange

(continued from page 2)

science writers: write something that makes me want to go out and buy a telescope.

RICK MINTO

Mooney and Kirshenbaum Reply

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; DURHAM, N.C.

We appreciate Martin Baron’s concerns; however, the *Globe* did “significantly” reduce its science desk. We were well aware not only of the departure of Carey Goldberg, a part-time science reporter whose post was eliminated, but also that Chris Chinlund, deputy health/science editor,

had been promoted and not replaced.

As we have confirmed with the *Globe*, this means that a staff of six reporters and two editors became a staff of five reporters and one editor. (We have recently learned that an editor from the Living desk will edit health content, which is all to the good.)

We regret having characterized a “decision” by the *Globe* as if we were able to peer into the heads of its editors. But when Goldberg was laid off along with many other part-time employees, it’s hardly a stretch to assert that the reason was economic.

Although most of what we wrote can be gleaned from public sources, in retrospect

we do wish we had called the *Globe* for comment. We want the paper to succeed and to have good science coverage; and we sympathize with what it, and many papers, have gone through in the past year.

CHRIS MOONEY AND SHERIL KIRSHENBAUM

Correction

In Christopher Hayes’s “The Secret Government” [Sept. 14], Abu Zubaydah was waterboarded eighty-three times in one month, not 183 times. (It was Khalid Shaikh Mohammed who was waterboarded 183 times.) We regret the error, and the torture.

Books & the Arts.

Right On

by KIM PHILLIPS-FEIN

Is the conservative movement dead? In November, when many of its leading intellectuals publicly abandoned the McCain-Palin ticket, deserting their comrades and going over to the other side, the movement suffered not only electoral defeat but ideological apostasy. During the transition, as the stock indexes of the world tumbled, crushing the blithe confidence in free-market ideas universally espoused just a few years earlier, many seasoned political observers wondered whether the long-awaited “conservative crack-up”—to quote the title of R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.’s book of 1992, which predicted the imminent decline of the conservative project—might have at long last arrived. The old Reagan coalition had split into warring elements, with the traditionalists turning on the libertarians and Wall Street executives backing away from a Republican regime that proved to be inept at managing economic chaos. A movement that claimed to have descended from both Milton Friedman and Edmund Burke, wedding the fast pace of capitalism and the slow, stately march of tradition, might always have seemed ideologically strained. By the spring of 2009, the fissures had turned into cracks, and the movement collapsed in on itself.

Or did it? After all, the death of conservatism has been prophesied many times before. In 1964 the *New York Times* opined that Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater had “not only lost the Presidential election...but the conservative cause as well.” In 1977 *Fortune* magazine pronounced that the Republican Party was “exceptionally weak,” virtually “bereft of any ‘turf’ that is securely its own.” Three years later Gerald Ford made a play for the Republican nomination by insisting that the country would never elect a movement conservative. “A very conservative Republican can’t win in a national election,” he told the *Times*. Even during the 1980s, when a genuine movement conservative occupied the White House, liberal journalist Richard Reeves de-

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Governor Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan opening the gates to the California Exposition and State Fair in Sacramento, 1968

clared Ronald Reagan’s politics a mere “detour” from the country’s liberal history.

Perhaps this time things really are different, but the apparent rifts and tensions within the conservative movement—between elitism and populism, capitalism and custom, the piety and fanaticism of the far right and the moderation of the old guard at the helm—have not caused dissolution, historically speaking. On the contrary, they have generated a strangely durable, tenacious politics that has avoided being shunted to the margins of American life. Goldwater may have been trounced in 1964—he lost every state except his own and the five of the Deep South, where voters were drawn to his opposition to the Civil Rights Act—but movement conservatives remained undeterred and ended up using his campaign’s donor lists to fortify the ranks for future battles. Four years later the Republican Party, which had seemed a shambles during the Johnson presidency, retook the White House. When Richard Nixon left Washington in calumny in 1974, it seemed, again, that the GOP would be weakened for a generation. Instead, Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter in 1980 and was re-elected in a landslide. For conservatives, it seems that their most crushing defeats herald their greatest victories.

Given these Houdini acts, it is surprising that until recently there has been no significant body of scholarship on the history of postwar conservatism. In 1994 historian Alan Brinkley observed that the right had become “something of an orphan” in American political history. Most scholars—themselves liberals—believed that liberalism had triumphed in the United States over the course of the twentieth century. The disparate regional cultures of the country had been unified into one cosmopolitan nation. Ever since World War I and the Progressive Era, Washington had assumed greater management of the economy, culminating in the New Deal and later in the War on Poverty and Great Society programs. The Manichaean, parochial world of religious fundamentalism had given way to the subtle moral distinctions of modernity. Brinkley suggested that if scholars had overlooked the lingering sway of market ideology, the pervasiveness of anti-government sentiment and the sustained vibrancy of fundamentalist Christianity, it was because they were utterly convinced of liberalism’s triumph. Such assumptions left them unable to reckon with the lasting power of conservative politics and therefore incapable of understanding the collapse of the New

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Deal electoral coalition and resurgence of the right in the 1980s.

Fifteen years after the publication of Brinkley's article, the conservative movement is no longer an orphan in the academy. Indeed, writing its history has become something of a cottage industry, with every year bringing new monographs, articles and dissertations on a dizzying array of subjects: right-wing populism among long-haul truckers; the grassroots religious conservatism of Southern preachers who migrated to California in the postwar period; the role of Phoenix, Arizona, in the rise of laissez-faire ideology in the Republican Party; the intellectual influence of Ayn Rand; gay and African-American conservative thought; backlashes in communities ranging from Baltimore to Orange County; anti-unionism in American culture; histories of far-right preachers and the leaders of organizations like the John Birch Society.

As someone who has written about conservatism, I think that while the field has flourished for intellectual and professional reasons (nature, one might say, abhors a vacuum in the scholarly literature), there are political causes for its growth as well. The body of scholarship on the right grew as the movement leapt from one success to the next. Many (although not all) of the younger historians writing about the right are actually left of center, children of the Reagan era who came of age as scholars during the Bush years and have sought to understand the conservative movement partly to forge the tools to undermine it. This groundswell of rich and complex research has allowed a thousand monographs to bloom, but it has yet to produce a retelling of the larger narrative of the postwar period incorporating the insights of recent histories of the right—something on the order of James Patterson's powerful synthesis of postwar American history, *Grand Expectations*. And there have been few efforts to understand what the history of the right has to tell us about the movement's influence today, or its future, which is especially important at a time when conservatism has found itself on the defensive once again.

Before Reagan's election in 1980, academic scholarship about the conservative movement was meager. There were a few books on topics like the right in the 1930s, the history of McCarthyism, the Ku Klux Klan and the isolationist politics of the far right, but most academic historians spurned the subject of conservatism. The right was seen as a relic of American history—a menagerie of resentful oddballs and misfits, fanatical preachers, eccentric racists and as-

sorted cranks who rejected the New Deal and the Great Society. This patronizing view followed from that of the “consensus” historians of the 1950s, such as Columbia University's Richard Hofstadter, who interpreted McCarthyism as the vicious politics of “status anxiety.” According to Hofstadter, the paranoia of the right was fed by the resentment of members of social groups whose fortunes were declining in the newly prosperous mass-consumption society of the postwar era—“so many people do not know who they are or what they are or what they belong to or what belongs to them,” Hofstadter wrote in “The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt”—and who turned to the politics of conspiracy in an anxious attempt to shore up their sense of moral virtue. These “pseudo-conservatives” believed they were powerless victims menaced by evil outsiders, and they lashed out angrily at their perceived enemies, confident of their righteousness. More generally, in the 1970s and '80s scholarship on conservatism was scarce because old-fashioned political history was in decline: the study of culture and social life began to eclipse the analysis of elections, protests, strikes and legislative battles. But Reagan's election reawakened scholarly curiosity in the conservative movement. How could such hostility to government, such opposition to the tolerant, pluralistic politics of liberalism, such a belligerent temperament thought to be moribund, suddenly re-emerge at the center of political life?

The first generation of historians to take conservatism seriously focused closely on the politics of social backlash. The main characters of their stories were the working-class white voters of Northern cities and the South who had grown alienated from a Democratic Party that they thought was overly solicitous of African-Americans. They were angry about welfare, school busing and affirmative action—policies they felt helped people less deserving than themselves. More deeply, they were frustrated by the radical politics of the 1960s: the longhaired kids protesting Vietnam, the hippies slouching in parks, the feminists with the temerity to blame the nuclear family for their oppression, the black-power advocates with their clenched fists and ten-point programs. The recession of the 1970s drove these blue-collar workers away from their old faith in the power of the state to safeguard prosperity.

Most of the scholars who wrote about these reactionaries—such as Jonathan Rieder in *Canarsie* (1985), Ronald Formisano in *Boston Against Busing* (1991) and Dan Carter in *The Politics of Rage* (1995)—were far from sympathetic to their subjects; their commitments lay with the African-American families

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Books discussed in this essay

Canarsie

The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism.

By Jonathan Rieder.
Harvard. 290 pp. Paper \$26.50.

Boston Against Busing

Race, Class and Ethnicity in the 1960s and 1970s.

By Ronald Formisano.
North Carolina. 354 pp. Paper \$23.95.

The Politics of Rage

George Wallace, the Origins of the New Conservatism, and the Transformation of American Politics.

By Dan Carter.
LSU. 580 pp. Paper \$23.95.

A Time for Choosing

The Rise of Modern American Conservatism.

By Jonathan Schoenwald.
Oxford. 352 pp. Paper \$40.

Suburban Warriors

The Origins of the New American Right.

By Lisa McGirr.
Princeton. 395 pp. Paper \$29.95.

Before the Storm

Barry Goldwater and the Unmaking of the American Consensus.

By Rick Perlstein.
Nation Books. 686 pp. Paper \$19.95.

What's the Matter With Kansas?

How Conservatives Won the Heart of America.

By Thomas Frank.
Henry Holt. 336 pp. Paper \$16.

To Serve God and Wal-Mart

The Making of Christian Free Enterprise.

By Bethany Moreton.
Harvard. 372 pp. \$27.95.

Trucking Country

The Road to America's Wal-Mart Economy.

By Shane Hamilton.
Princeton. 305 pp. \$29.95.

The Conservatives

Ideas and Personalities Throughout American History.

By Patrick Allitt.
Yale. 336 pp. \$35.

The Death of Conservatism

By Sam Tanenhaus.
Random House. 123 pp. \$17.

The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945

By George Nash.
Intercollegiate Studies Institute.
660 pp. \$25.

who sought to integrate the schools of white neighborhoods. Nonetheless, they endeavored to present their subjects as working-class people in a time of economic decline, desperate to protect the few institutions—home, family, school and neighborhood—over which they had control. As Rieder put it in his study of the backlash in Brooklyn, “The basic fact of life for the residents of Canarsie was the precariousness of their hold on middle-class status, the recency of their arrival in that exalted position, and the intense fear that it might be taken from them.” In this, Rieder and others shared a set of assumptions with the 1950s historians of McCarthyism: they treated conservatism as a populist politics of displaced frustration, in which rage at liberalism reflected anger about the underlying problem of increasing economic insecurity.

During the years of Bill Clinton and George W. Bush, historians turned away from an emphasis on working-class reaction against the social radicalism of the 1960s. While the backlash might explain why the New Deal electoral coalition collapsed and how Reagan won the presidency in 1980, studies of the Boston busing crisis and the protests over school curriculums in West Virginia’s Kanawha County could not offer a convincing explanation of a more longstanding shift that had occurred in American politics. Why had the right proved able to win one election after another? How was it able to exercise such influence even when Clinton reclaimed the White House for the Democrats? Backlash histories were at heart local

accounts of liberal decline, not synthetic analyses of conservative ascendancy. They could explain changes in voting patterns but not the rise of a new political force.

A new generation of historians began to shift the focus away from the politics of resentment and toward movement conservatism, not only in Washington but across the country. Many focused on the social origins of the conservative campaign. Here, the main actors were a group of “suburban warriors,” to quote historian Lisa McGirr—prosperous, upwardly mobile men and women who carefully organized in support of a right-wing agenda by knocking on doors, distributing literature, screening films and holding meetings. They were driven not by irrational fears or anxieties but rather by a deeply held set of beliefs about how society ought to be organized, with anticommunism at the forefront of their politics. Far from being socially marginal, they were among the postwar economy’s winners, and their politics reflected their sense of entitlement. They used the same kinds of strategies familiar to any left-of-center social movement, but for dramatically different ends.

Much distinguished this second, younger generation of scholars from historians like Carter and Formisano. The first generation wrote primarily about cities and the South, the second about suburbia. The first focused mostly on specific episodes or campaigns, while the

second took a much longer view that often spanned the entire postwar period. But perhaps the biggest interpretive difference lay in their respective approaches to the tumultuous years of the 1960s. Those writing in the wake of the Reagan revolution had shared the vivid hopes of 1968 and the subsequent disappointment of those dreams. The radicalism of the decade and the backlash it had provoked still seemed to be the central events underlying the conservative shift. For some, the New Left’s inability to moderate its strident moralizing and appeal to a broader public made it tragically culpable for the ultimate failure of consensus liberalism—the left had been unable to speak to working-class Americans, who turned instead to the right. For others, the clash simply revealed the intractable racism endemic to segments of American society, meaning that there was no particular tactical failure on the part of the left. Yet most of these earlier scholars, who focused on the collapse of the New Deal electoral coalition, agreed that the modern right was born in this furious, embittered reaction against civil rights, feminism and the antiwar movement.

By contrast, the newer wave of scholarship—books such as Jonathan Schoenwald’s *A Time for Choosing* (2001), McGirr’s *Suburban Warriors* (2001) and Rick Perlstein’s *Before the Storm* (2001)—granted a much smaller place to the fiery emotions of the years of George Wallace, Jane Fonda and Bobby Seale, emphasizing that in important ways the conservative movement actually predates

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the 1960s. Far from being a sudden, explosive and negative reaction to the decade's tumult, the conservative movement simmered throughout the postwar period, motivated by its activists' positive vision of small government, the perfect social ordering promised by the free market and a world without communism. The social crises of the 1960s may have offered the movement an opportunity to broaden its base of support, but conservatism was thriving before that upheaval. The earlier generation of scholars, after all, never did explain how thirty years of conservative politics could have sprouted from a few explosive conflicts in the 1970s. Nor could they elucidate how the blue-collar workers who cheered for George Wallace wound up supporting a

by using the same social-movement organizing strategies that the left had employed. The image of conservative populism has penetrated deeply into everyday political chatter as well, thanks in no small part to the efforts of conservatives, who—as Thomas Frank argued in *What's the Matter With Kansas?* (2004)—have long sought to claim theirs as a plain-folks, common-sense mobilization against effete social dreamers. When Barack Obama spoke before an audience of wealthy donors in San Francisco in 2008 about the challenge of winning over Rust Belt towns in Pennsylvania, where voters clung desperately to “guns or religion or antipathy toward people who aren't like them,” he was invoking this familiar image of populist working-class conservatism.

But this raises a larger question: is it correct to see the conservative ascendancy as a populist mobilization akin to the civil rights or labor movement? Some parts of the movement—

like antiabortion activism—do seem similar to left organizing projects: they use direct-action strategies and cultivate grassroots commitments. Moreover, from the John Birch Society members who sought to imitate the communists they so hated and feared to the businessmen of the National Association of Manufacturers who wanted to mimic the labor movement's methods of organizing, there has been much self-conscious discussion among conservatives about learning from the left. And the simmering resentment that fueled the backlash against the civil rights movement and other social movements certainly helped shift voters away from the Democratic Party in the 1970s and '80s.

Still, it is hard to see the mobilization and political education of a massive number of people as critical to the actual victories of the right, the same way that it must be for any movement that seeks to challenge social hierarchies in a sustained way. For unions to organize in the 1930s, it was not enough for Congress to pass the Wagner Act—workers needed to put their livelihoods and lives on the line. For segregation to end, ordinary men and women had to come to the point of being willing to break the law or even risk losing their lives. Does it really require the same kind of commitment to cut taxes, end regulations or fight labor unions? And if it doesn't—if the way the conservative movement harnesses the discontent of its constituency is largely limited to certain moments of political theater, when the image of mass support is needed to garner television cover-

age—shouldn't we ask whether populism really is the backbone of the right at all?

The most recent scholarship about conservatism in the late twentieth century has taken a new direction. It has emphasized political economy instead of movement politics, looking at such topics as the development of Wal-Mart's distinctive free-market evangelism (Bethany Moreton's *To Serve God and Wal-Mart*, from 2009); the origins of laissez-faire revival in the development politics of Southwestern cities (Elizabeth Tandy Shermer's dissertation “Creating the Sunbelt: The Political and Economic Transformation of Phoenix, Arizona”); and the organic emergence of a populist anti-statist politics among groups like rural long-haul truckers trying to avoid regulation (Shane Hamilton's *Trucking Country*, from 2008). Implicitly, this new body of work raises the question of whether the reasons for lasting conservative success might be related to deeper economic changes in the country. Perhaps the age of liberalism that followed World War II depended on the prosperity of a vibrant manufacturing economy (and wartime Keynesian spending) that has mostly vanished. The rise of a competitive service-oriented economy has created a new kind of voter with changed economic interests and a different relationship to politics—one to whom the old liberal vision no longer appeals. Perhaps conservative leaders enjoyed electoral success because their movement has simply been better able to adapt to deep changes in the bedrock of American society.

At the same time as they have started to emphasize an account of the transformation of the country's political economy to explain the durability of the conservative movement, historians have also started to describe postwar liberalism and its many triumphs with skepticism, if not pessimism. (While this interpretation goes back to the New Left, it has gained new strength today, even though there is also a countermove by historians like Kevin Mattson to rehabilitate postwar liberalism as a fighting faith.) Some scholars suggest that the entire postwar period was one of struggle and that the liberal order was always more fragile than its victories suggested. The North never truly supported racial equality, at least when it came to its own cities; the manufacturing companies so long thought to have given tacit support to the New Deal now seem to have done all they could to resist and fight it behind the scenes. Instead of a liberal period of consensus that was shattered in the late 1960s and '70s, there was a continued

Was the postwar liberal order more fragile than its victories may have suggested?

politics committed to promoting the free market, fighting unions and rolling back the welfare state. How had the politics of blue-collar resentment and fear of social change come to be joined to the stridently laissez-faire agenda of the movement faithful? To understand the connections, it was necessary to look at the rise of the conservative movement on its own terms—to study its internal logic, its intellectual history and the way its activists promoted their agenda.

Yet at the same time, although the second generation of historians made clear that the victory of conservatism was no mere accident of history but instead proof of a longstanding, concerted effort to shape American politics, their vision of the movement as simply another grassroots mobilization seems vexed. In their attempts to write respectfully about the conservative movement (many are still warring with Hofstadter's description of it as a paranoid politics), some of them risked smoothing over the baroque strangeness of the American right—such as the way that its prosperous believers and leaders portrayed themselves as aggrieved victims, or its searing hostility to government, to unions and even to the most minimal welfare state.

Moreover, both schools of historical interpretation share a sense of the conservative movement as in some sense populist—a trope that dates to writers like Hofstadter and that is also shared by many conservatives. The earlier generation of writers emphasized the anti-elitism of the backlash, while the later one suggested that the right gained strength

struggle throughout the postwar period over the legacy of New Deal liberalism.

Others go further still, arguing that the culture and society created during the postwar era contained elements that would prove fatal to liberalism. After all, the government underwrote the expansion of suburbia, which would become the home of an intransigent individualism hostile to the very state that had subsidized its creation. And the liberal project itself never had deep philosophical or cultural roots. It was created during the Great Depression out of expediency, in a moment of economic and political crisis, and never reflected a sustained or coherent agenda; even FDR was ambivalent toward labor and the welfare state. More than anything else, postwar liberals were committed to anticommunism—hence their support of the Vietnam War. The entire postwar era (as Jefferson Cowie and Nick Salvatore have explained) might be seen as no more than a “long exception” to the more lasting conservative project of individualism and laissez-faire that has defined so much of American history.

Another version of this story can be found in the world of intellectual history—for example, in Patrick Allitt's *The Conservatives: Ideas and Personalities Throughout American History* (2009). Here, conservatism is analyzed as one of the deep trends within the country's political life, a “reactive” politics that seeks to respond to “perceived political and intellectual challenges,” to conserve what exists, to protect against social dissolution and to resist the march of social and political equality. In this view, the post-1945 conservative movement is one more development of a strain of politics reaching back to the founding fathers. Unlike historians who have noted how the modern conservative movement—in its determination to tear down the New Deal and its preference for a radical market vision rather than a cautious enthusiasm for capitalism—seems to break with the earlier style of conservatism, Allitt emphasizes the continuities between postwar conservatism and the laissez-faire politics of the nineteenth century.

When Alan Brinkley observed that American historians had lost interest in the right, the general interpretation of the United States in the twentieth century was one of liberal victory followed by tragic decline. Today a new vision seems to be emerging—one that sees the liberalism of the midcentury as always hemmed in by hostility and limited by its internal tensions. In the latest scholarship, the old narrative has been turned upside down: more and more, historians are depict-

ing the century as one of conservative strength only briefly interrupted, some going back still further to see all of American history shot through with the power of forces sharply opposed to equality and democracy. Yet just as the earlier story of liberalism triumphant overlooked the continued existence of a conservative opposition, this bleaker vision may also be too stark. It comes close to substituting a new monolithic political force for the old one and eliding the reality of continued struggle, in which the two sides shape each other and the outcomes are controlled by neither alone. The next wave of scholarship on the history of the right will likely strive not only to tell the story of the movement's rise but also to account more fully for its internal tensions and the difficulties that it encountered—especially once it came to power in the 1980s.

What does recent historical scholarship say about the future of the right? On the one hand, there undeniably is a crisis—of leadership, of faith, of constituency—among conservatives at this point in history. Although the movement institutions (think tanks, talk-radio stations, churches) remain powerful forces, they are also catering to a narrow and frustrated segment of opinion. The far right's resentment is deepening: it angrily denounces Obama as a socialist, holds “tea parties” to protest taxation and has turned to Rush Limbaugh as a leader. “Birthers” seek to delegitimize the Obama presidency by attempting to prove that he was born in Kenya, not Hawaii. True believers on the right seem to be sinking deeper within their movement, insisting that George W. Bush failed to adhere sufficiently to first principles but never considering whether the principles themselves were the problem. Yet as they consolidate their faith, they also become more marginal, less a central part of American politics.

Meanwhile, the intellectuals who have brought conservatism to a broader public have been moving away from their old certainties. Ross Douthat, the young conservative tapped as an op-ed writer by the *New York Times*, has argued that Republicans need to win back the “Sam's Club” voters and convince working-class people that family values are actually in their economic interest—even though doing so may mean abandoning a hardline laissez-faire position. *Times*-men David Brooks and Sam Tanenhaus have described a putative “Burkean” strain on the right, a restrained, moderate and sentimental tradition whose adherents objected to the

MICHAEL AWKWARD

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“excesses” of the Great Society but were willing to preserve the established structures of the New Deal out of respect for tradition and settled norms. (Whittaker Chambers, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and even Richard Nixon, in the first years of his presidency, are supposed to be a few of the people who practiced this politics, not all knowingly so.)

But this attempt to reinvent the right is fraught with difficulty. Leaving aside the question of whether Burke—who wrote in the heat and fury of counterrevolution—really held such genteel commitments, it is hard to make the case that the American conservative movement can easily be divided between moderates in the Burkean mold and radical reactionaries. Brooks’s and Tanenhaus’s turn to Burke recalls George Nash’s 1976 classic *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945*. Like many conservatives who tell their own history, Nash placed the greatest emphasis on the history of ideas and the fusion of traditionalist, anticommunist and libertarian strains of conservatism. By portraying a conservative world teeming with ideas, he was able to refute the enduring 1950s image of conservatism as intellectually dead, even as he glossed over the social and political bases of the movement. Indeed, as Tanenhaus has written, the people who have always determined the course of American conservatism have been the passionate ideologues, the “revanchists” who are less interested in what they can “conserve” than what they can raze.

Although Tanenhaus has argued that left-leaning social historians, having abandoned intellectual history, are ill equipped to understand the appeal of conservative ideas, the project of inventing a tradition of conservative intellectual moderation as the road not taken for American politics seems to have more to do with the present dilemma of the movement than with historical inquiry. That Brooks and Tanenhaus find the motif of Burke appealing is largely a sign of their longing to revive a serious, sophisticated and mature conservatism, and their sense that, thanks to the radicals, the right is in desperate straits and has entered a period of decline. This situation holds a special irony for Tanenhaus, who believes we are living in a conservative era, “perhaps the most conservative since the Eisenhower years,” as he writes in his new book, *The Death of Conservatism*.

But this narrative of conservative defeat and retrenchment—tightly focused on backlash politics and movement conservatism—is only one part of the story. The recent turn in scholarship toward economic change offers another way of understanding the fate of the

movement. For despite the financial crisis of the past year, the faith in laissez-faire that conservatives promoted throughout the postwar period continues to exercise a deep hold on American politics. Think tanks, business organizations and corporate lobbying groups still wield great influence in Washington and throughout the country, their confidence hardly shaken by the disasters that their politics helped bring about. Wealthy individuals who financed the movement are still donating their dollars to fight healthcare reform. Companies such as Citibank are battling labor-law reform even as they take bailout funds. The self-righteouschutzpah of bankers who insist on paying themselves tremendous bonuses even after driving the country into financial turmoil reflects the triumph of

an ideology in which the private sector can do no wrong. And the economic assumptions that the conservative movement advanced throughout the postwar period continue to prevail in our culture and politics overall, where it is hard for people to imagine a check on, much less an alternative to, a merciless market-driven world. Even the Obama administration is well stocked with Wall Street veterans and economists committed to preserving high-octane financial capitalism.

History has a strange way of rescuing the defeated. As a self-conscious movement, conservatism has sunk into one of the deepest crises in its history. But it may be only in this moment of apparent ruin that we can for the first time assess the full significance of all that the right has won. ■



Clarice Lispector at home in Rio de Janeiro in the 1970s

MUSEU-ARQUIVO DE LITERATURA BRASILEIRA, RIO DE JANEIRO/PAULO GURGEL VALENTE

Speak as Little as Possible

by RACHEL AVIV

Clarice Lispector doted on the ugly, dull and superfluous. Over the course of her fifty years as a novelist, her characters became less intelligent. She began with self-conscious and lonely heroines and moved on to less pensive creatures: dogs, chickens, cockroaches and the smallest woman in the world. The triumph of her

Why This World

A Biography of Clarice Lispector.

By Benjamin Moser.

Oxford. 479 pp. \$29.95.

career is a dimwitted virgin named Macabéa, who subsists on hot dogs. Macabéa’s “story is so banal that I can scarcely bear to go on writing,” Lispector notes in her finest book, *The Hour of the Star*, published a few months before her death in 1977. Macabéa works as a

Rachel Aviv is a Rosalynn Carter Fellow in mental health journalism at the Carter Center.

typist in Rio de Janeiro but knows the meaning of few of the words she commits to the page. She sleeps in cheap cotton underwear, with her mouth wide open, and then rushes to work in the morning, smiling dumbly at everyone she passes. Her few moments of leisure are spent drinking Coca-Cola—a refreshment she adores “with servility and subservience”—and watching horror films in which women get shot in the heart.

Lispector was fascinated by the possibility of extinguishing self-consciousness; she idealized animals and idiots because they were free of the desire to translate their experiences into words. Macabéa is the perfect fool, whose life has been reduced to a “tiny essential flame”: she does nothing more than *exist*, without wondering why. Then she gets hit by a car and dies. The novella’s drama derives not from Macabéa’s pitiful story but from Lispector’s struggle to render in full a life so mundane. “I feel so nervous about writing,” she admits, “that I might explode into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.”

Unlike writers who make a game of their creative angst, Lispector appeared as if at any moment she might stop midsentence and abandon her typewriter. She was forbiddingly quiet—fans called her “the sacred monster” and “the great witch of Brazilian literature”—and she worried that her penchant for writing had become a pointless tic, a way to stave off loneliness. In *Why This World*, the first English-language biography of Lispector’s life, Benjamin Moser describes a surprisingly tedious adulthood oriented almost entirely around writing. Lispector wrote to escape from herself, as if by spilling enough words onto the page she could slake the need for self-expression, an impulse she deemed gross and irresponsible.

Moser, a book critic at *Harper’s Magazine*, thinks that Lispector took less pride in her writing than in her looks, a theory she would have likely appreciated. She had long limbs, a sullen feline face and pouty lips. She applied makeup meticulously. Gregory Rabassa, one of her English-language translators, remarked that he was “astonished to meet that rare person who looked like Marlene Dietrich and wrote like Virginia Woolf.” Even Elizabeth Bishop, who translated several of Lispector’s stories, seemed seduced by the writer, calling her “better than J.L. Borges.” When Bishop was living in Rio de Janeiro in the early 1960s, she confided to Robert Lowell that the two were getting to be “friends”—she used quotation marks—but the relationship never took off. In the end, Bishop found Lispector “very coy & complicated” as well as hopelessly shy and indolent.

Moser, too, seems to want to get closer to Lispector than she allows. Despite the wealth of revealing anecdotes he summons, Lispector still feels out of his reach, almost unreal.

Moser argues that Lispector moved closer to God with each book, and he calls her body of work, which is explicitly self-referential, “perhaps the greatest spiritual autobiography of the twentieth century.” He often returns to the fact that Lispector was born in Chechel-nik, Ukraine, a town with a tradition of mystics dating to the eighteenth century. Though her family immigrated to Brazil when she was a year old and she later proudly claimed that she never set foot in Eastern Europe (as an infant, she was carried), Moser writes that Lispector resembled the saints of her homeland—the Hasidic zaddikim, “bearers of that irrational something”—and that, like other Jews, she “sought the eternal amid crisis and exile.” Moser is not the first to call her a Jewish mystic (she has also been dubbed a Christian mystic and a “mystical atheist”), but the claim is difficult to sustain across a full-length biography. Lispector did not read Jewish holy texts, nor did she pray. One of her few known public references to her religion was to correct “this nonsense about the Jews being God’s chosen people. That’s ridiculous.”

In Moser’s hands, Lispector is most “mystical” when she describes her longing for silence and her belief that she could never express in words what she called her “truest life.” She was obsessed by the inaccuracy and dullness of language: it dooms us to become common, to repeat what others have already said. In her ability to bring these anxieties to life, Lispector is more terrifying than Samuel Beckett. By placing her in a religious lineage, Moser pushes beyond a more conventional reading of Lispector as a Modernist, but he also privileges the least impressive part of her work. Lispector was willfully enigmatic and flirtatious when she alluded to the divine (which she does far more frequently in her novels than in her short stories), and she treats God as a kind of intellectual exotica. She seemed to admire the idea of faith in part because she found it impossible. “I don’t know what it is I’m calling God, but it can be called that,” she allowed. It is never quite clear that it is God she is seeking, as Moser suggests, nor is it evident how she could have been a “mystic.” Moser wants the word to encompass so much that it loses its meaning. It seems to describe less a belief system than a species of women: pained and introspective, prone to silence, hunger and self-loathing.



Trade Deficit

Do you have any friends, the darkness asks, and for a moment you're surprised: you expected salt, maybe, or terror.

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Darkness does this all the time, knocking at your door: *Do you have any mercy, it asks, any weapons, any sugar, any stone.*

G.C. WALDREP

If Lispector was truly a mystic, she would have renounced the medium she found so degraded and degrading. But she was unable to stop writing. In addition to her short stories and novels, she supported herself by writing perky *crônicas*, newspaper columns that focused on women's issues like gift-giving and cosmetics. Her aversion to language seems to have derived as much from principle—the conviction that silence is truer than speech—as from anxiety. An insomniac, she took sleeping pills even for her afternoon naps. She rarely left her home and endured social engagements only in pain. In a column she described partygoing as a “dangerous sport.” The goal: to avoid faux pas. Who will make the mistake? Who will destroy the meal? Rather than wait and see, Lispector was said to ruin dinner parties by leaving a few minutes after arriving. When asked by an interviewer to describe the role of the Brazilian novelist, she replied, “To speak as little as possible.”

Lispector's birth in 1920 was supposed to have caused a miracle. Her mother had contracted syphilis after being raped (before getting pregnant) by a gang of Russian soldiers. It was thought that having a child might cure her, but her health only deteriorated after the birth of Chaya. By the time of the move to Brazil (at which point Chaya's name was changed to Clarice), the illness had left her paralyzed and mute; she sat inert in her rocking chair while the rest of her family began new lives.

In her early 20s, Clarice Lispector abandoned the Judaism of her youth, in part because she felt the religion had failed her. Despite her childhood prayers, her parents died young and without dignity (her father was killed in a botched gallbladder operation). Lispector almost never talked about her past or homeland, and she claimed it had left no trace on her; she hired a speech therapist to tame her lingering Russian accent. At 22 she was naturalized as a Brazilian citizen—in her formal request to the government, she described herself as someone who feels “in no way connected to the country [I] came from”—and married a Brazilian diplomat, Maury Gurgel Valente, with whom she never seemed particularly impressed. She followed him unhappily to posts throughout Europe and the United States for sixteen years. Her first novel, *Near to the Wild Heart*, which she published to great acclaim at 23, is a coming-of-age tale about a cold and selfish woman suffering through a loveless marriage and unaware of her effect on her husband. “She is never actively malicious,” Moser ex-

plains. “She simply inhabits another world, beyond good and evil, like a pet uncomprehendingly shitting on the carpet.”

Much of Brazilian literature until that time had been patriotic and sweeping in scope—Machado de Assis wrote that Brazilian poems and novels always “dress themselves in the colors of the country”—and Lispector's strange, lyrical syntax and introspective style was heralded as a much-needed break in tradition. Reviewers in Rio and São Paulo compared Lispector to Joyce, Proust and Woolf, none of whose novels she had read. (As an adult, she read few modern novels.) She said the word “literature” made her “bristle like a cat,” and she wasn't concerned about whether she was following or abandoning a literary tradition. Still, she shared with contemporaries like Woolf a suspicion of language, a sense of deep alienation and a fear of madness that led to heightened self-consciousness. Perhaps a difference in vocabulary, more than subject matter, explains Moser's tendency to classify Lispector as a mystic. Woolf, too, imagined the possibility of a world where language would regain sublime intensity and meaning. But she was an intellectual and didn't dare use words like “salvation” or “God.” She dismissed mysticism as embarrassing and silly, attributing the impulse to “lack of a good head.”

Lispector had less regard for social norms, and she seemed to give up on the idea of herself as a social creature when she finally left her husband, whose constant presence she had found unnatural and invasive, in 1959. She returned to Rio and became increasingly solitary and alienated from other writers and even old friends. Her writing has the quality of a woman who talks to herself: circular and fragmented and uncomfortably personal. Her characters rarely speak (and don't even move much), but they are constantly exhausting themselves by thinking. In one of her most disturbing stories, “The Imitation of the Rose,” Lispector chronicles a young woman's excruciating decision to send a friend flowers. While preparing for dinner, the story's heroine, Laura, is struck by the sight of a bouquet of roses in her apartment. “Really, I have never seen such pretty roses,” she thinks. “How lovely they are!” She tries to assure herself that, by gazing at these flowers, she is having a pleasurable experience. When that fails, she decides to send the bouquet to her friend. With nervous glee, she imagines a scenario in which her friend refuses the gift and Laura modestly and appropriately insists. “What exactly would she say? It was important not to forget.” She rehearses the scene until she finds

the perfect remark: "It is because the roses are so lovely that I felt the impulse to give them to you!" As soon as she tells her maid to deliver the roses, though, she is devastated by the loss. She never meant to give them away; she simply got carried away by the cascade of well-constructed phrases.

Laura's need to fashion every flicker of a thought into a proper sentence is comically familiar—we all bore ourselves by narrating our lives in this way—but *Lispector* focuses so closely on the habit that it appears compulsive and sick. She transcribes Laura's thoughts before they can even be called that. If there is a spiritual dimension to *Lispector's* writing, it is her effort to eradicate that inner voice: to hold on to a sensation before it is transformed into a phrase. And yet she recognized that to live without language—to stop calling things "salty or sweet, sad or happy or painful"—would be dangerous. "I do not believe the state of grace should be bestowed on us too often," she wrote in one of her *crônicas*. "Otherwise we might pass forever on to the other side of life, which is also real but no one would understand us any more."

Lispector may have been speaking from experience. She was unnerved by the precocity of her first son, Pedro, who as a young boy picked up his foreign nanny's language in only

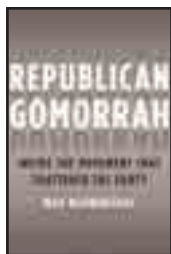
a week. Soon he could no longer communicate with other children his age. He strung together nonsensical words or thought so hard about what he wanted to say that he said nothing at all. He was consumed by the ambiguities and inadequacies of language, but his anxiety did not take the form of "mysticism." He was eventually diagnosed with schizophrenia. He had passed to the other side of life. As an adult, he would follow *Lispector* around the house calling out unceasingly: Mother, Mother, Mother! *Lispector* was terrified by this kind of linguistic alienation even as she inched toward it herself. She shared her son's suspicion of the arbitrary link between the sound of a word and its meaning. She fantasized about discovering some authentic means of expression, but instead she clung to the one she had. Writing was salvation in the most literal sense, and she could never do without it. She called herself an "audacious coward."

Lispector's fifth novel, *The Passion According to G.H.*, begins as a seemingly dainty tale: a well-dressed, sophisticated lady sees a cockroach in the maid's quarters of her apartment and is overwhelmed by fear. She tries to crush it but is too repulsed to follow through. We

expect her to get on with her day, but she can't take her eyes off the insect. A bit of the cockroach's back is missing, and she examines the creature on her hands and knees, inching closer and closer, until finally—daring herself to overcome her revulsion—she scoops up some puss from the cockroach's back and puts it in her mouth.

"Oh God, I felt baptized by the world," cries the narrator, G.H. "I had finally performed the lowest of all acts." There are no words to describe the taste of the cockroach's secretions, and she feels she has escaped the burden of her consciousness. Of all of *Lispector's* books, *The Passion According to G.H.* comes closest to a mystical text, and yet a shade of irony hangs over the novel. G.H. is constantly undermining the drama of the story by stepping outside it. She'll eat the cockroach, but tomorrow, she tells us in a parenthetical note, she'll be so relieved to have accomplished this feat that she'll put on a new dress and go dancing at the Top-Bambino, a nightclub, and flirt and eat shrimp.

Even in her most radical moments, *Lispector* can never abandon language or self-consciousness. Her characters may achieve a kind of wordless purity, but as a "mystic" she always fails. Opinions and insecurities come rushing in from outside the fiction, and the



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author seems to be hovering over the page, drawing attention to herself. G.H.'s revelation seems forced and inauthentic because she is never able to find the words to convey what happened—only that it was something wild, transgressive and profound. Lispector is far more persuasive in her portrayal of pathology than in imagining its resolution, perhaps because she wrote best from personal experience. She craved freedom from her hyperactive consciousness, but she never achieved it. When her characters reach this state of grace, it feels contrived, an obvious fiction.

Lispector makes a difficult, often lurid subject, and Moser's account of her life is riveting—he draws extensively on previously untranslated letters and criticism (he does the translations himself, from Yiddish, German, French and Portuguese); at times the book reads like a gothic horror story. But he seems to take Lispector's religious inclinations too earnestly, portraying her anxieties about writing and self-expression as exotic, cosmic and timeless. "Few great modern artists are quite as fundamentally unfamiliar," he writes. "How can a person who lived in a large Western city in the middle of the twentieth century, who gave interviews, lived in high-rise apartments, and traveled by air, remain so enigmatic?" Because Lispector is a modern woman whose life revolved around the articulation of thoughts, Moser assumes she will somehow be understandable, knowable. And when she is not, it is because she is mystical. By portraying her as a spiritual figure, he turns her life into a mystery that can be solved.

But it is hard to imagine Lispector ever considering herself a "saint," particularly a Jewish one. She longed to believe but couldn't, and her best stories dramatize the moment when her characters collide with the limits of what they can understand. They make "terrifying contact with the fabric of life," and they are reminded of their own helplessness and obedience, their inability to comprehend. They suffer without ever learning from their misfortunes. In one tale, a chicken escapes from its cage, only to be captured and slaughtered for dinner. In another, a young teacher hears two men talking in pig Latin about how they want to rape her. Instead of waiting to be attacked, the woman unbuttons her blouse, exposes her breasts and pretends to be a prostitute. The men immediately lose interest and rape the next girl who steps on the train. And yet the woman longs for what should have been hers. "Fate is implacable," she thinks: "Atefay siay placableimay." Pig Latin is the language of

superfluosity, born purely from the desire to use words, make noise—regardless of what that noise means. Lispector may have understood all of language in roughly these terms. To create meaning when there is none, to string together a story out of chaos, is the impulse Lispector finds most distasteful and hardest to resist.

Lispector was always haunted by the memory of her mother's affliction, which could not be rationalized or mitigated with any amount of storytelling. (Did that brittle shell of a woman inspire Lispector's fondness for cockroaches?) "Something deep down tells me that we are all semi-paralyzed," she wrote in one of her *crônicas*. "And we die without so much as an explanation. And worst of all—we live without so much as an explanation." Lispector once complained of the "intolerable burden of not being a plant." The world is empty, she knew, but it had gone on for so long, with so little reason, that there must be something sacred in submitting, like a plant, to its rhythms.

In her later years, Lispector underwent her own version of paralysis, as she became increasingly withdrawn, taciturn and needy; she was dependent on a close female friend, who served as a kind of personal secretary, assistant and nurse. When Lispector was 47 she fell asleep while smoking in bed and awoke with her room in flames, her nightgown melted to her body. It was a tragicomic end to a life of such beauty. For the rest of her years, her body was scarred and her right hand deformed.

After the fire, she mostly stayed indoors. She felt it was in bad taste to be seen outside with an aged body and flesh that was wrinkled and loose and thick; it disrupted the city's symmetry. She hired an aesthetician to come once a month and apply permanent makeup to her face and fake lashes to her eyes. By the time she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, at 56, she had been waiting for death for many years. Dying was seductive, a direct confrontation with an unknown so enormous it could never be captured in words. In one of her last interviews, given a year before she died, a television journalist asked if she felt "born and refreshed" each time she wrote a new work. The reporter must have wanted her to provide a cheerful narrative about her writing process, but her response was impassive and casually nonsensical. She never could commit to this kind of tale. "For now I'm dead. We'll see if I can be born again. For now I'm dead," she repeated. "I'm speaking from my tomb." ■

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NEW YORK

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■ Discuss the ethics of healthcare reform with panelists Trudy Lieberman (*Nation* contributor), Peter Barland (Physicians for a National Health Program), Mary Ann Bailly (health economist) and Thomas Murray (Hastings Center). Monday, October 5, 6:30 PM. Cardozo Law School, 55 Fifth Avenue (at Twelfth Street). Presented by the Center for Ethics at Yeshiva University. Free admission; ASL; wheelchair access; reception follows. RSVP: pcassidy@yu.edu or (212) 960-0189.

A Conversation With Tom Hayden

■ Does US foreign policy in Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan mean endless war? Friday, October 2, 7:30 PM. Park Slope United Methodist Church, Sixth Avenue & Eighth Street, Brooklyn. Q&A to follow. Free—but donations gratefully accepted. Reception with Tom Hayden will follow the event. Brooklyn for Peace, brooklynpeace.org, info@brooklynpeace.org, (718) 624-5921.

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Puzzle No. 3184

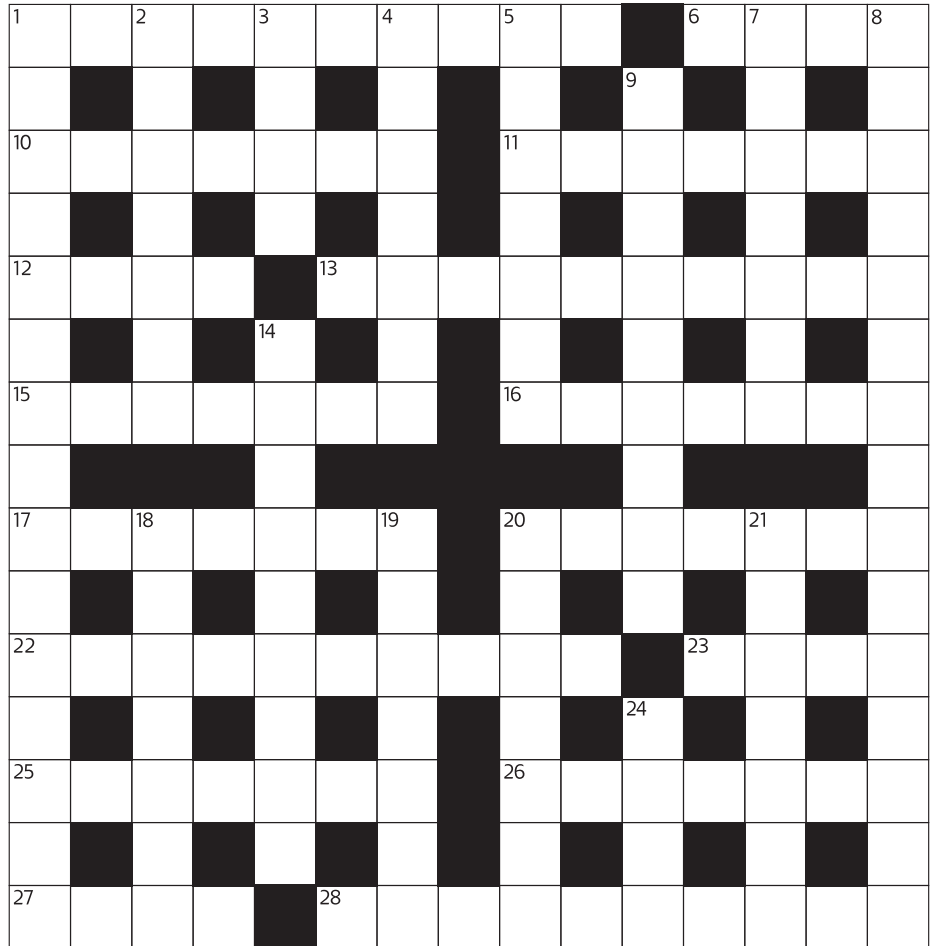
FRANK W. LEWIS

ACROSS

- 1 and 6 What you get when you spill your glass while sitting things out? (It may have to be treated.) (5,2,3,4)
- 10 Describing the acquaintance you barely know, but who appears to be a bit tired? (7)
- 11 If you do it, you may be sorry! (7)
- 12 Something on the list which may be a mite different. (4)
- 13 An unimposing figure of a man, but namely a governor of New York with something to catch, and returning to a Parisian. (10)
- 15 and 16 You shouldn't expect to have one follow your behavior if you do. (3,1,3,7)
- 17 Proving the communists are about to come first, as one does to watch every day if you have the right kind of a ticker. (7)
- 20 A bit confused, Lear suffers a setback by the father of Odysseus. (7)
- 22 If one insists "Show me!" he or she may be one. (10)
- 23 If she's a Londoner, she could certainly keep busy around the house, and slightly burn the fish! (4)
- 25 In earnest, but slightly confused, you have the closest thing to it. (7)
- 26 Not a slight change when going to a place in South America, as they say—but this is in Canada. (7)
- 27 and 28 Having this, you can't be afraid to do most jobs! (4-10)

DOWN

- 1 With such as clarinets and saxophones, you shouldn't have to, as you must with old turntables. (4,11)
- 2 Its diet is certainly different, though least messy. (7)
- 3 One with a forked tongue is coming up here, when traveling by it. (4)
- 4 Grading letters from a very stingy person. (7)
- 5 A foot soldier of old Greece gets a head start, and could be polite finally. (7)
- 7 In Paris no sort of post could be expected to go on indefinitely. (7)
- 8 A classic example of tightness. (8,7)
- 9 Gets in, having no romantic companion, but flooded by the response. (9)
- 14 A group of players is about finished, and left out cold! (9)
- 18 Lived at one time to go over the water—"Here's to your health!" (7)
- 19 Part of the fugue could be a sort, and in Paris it comes to a junction inside it. (7)
- 20 With a heavy weight away from it, it's at least a start! (4-3)



- 21 The sort found sort of near a city. (7)
- 24 What may go in the collar of a horse is a kind of poker. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3183

U	N	D	E	R	S	T	A	N	D	A	B	L	E
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